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NAPLES AND THE ALLIES.

THE *Moniteur* at last announces the official result of the late correspondence of the Western Powers with Naples. The demonstration of France and England, though infinitesimally small, is still visible and ponderable. The public law of Europe—or, in other words, the theories deduced from the practice of European Governments—is slightly modified, and a barely perceptible advance has been made towards justice and common sense. It may still be laid down that any Power has a right to interfere, by remonstrance or arms, in the affairs of any other Power, provided the intervention takes place in pursuance of a demand by the so-called legitimate Sovereign. Precedent seems to have established that it is not necessary to inquire too curiously into the conditions of legitimacy. Up to 1848, the King of HUNGARY reigned in virtue of an ancient compact, ratified by innumerable oaths, and guaranteeing a venerable constitution. The Court of Vienna violated all its engagements, and allied itself with the malcontent subjects of the kingdom against the lawful authorities. A conspiracy between Queen VICTORIA and O'CONNELL to put down the two Houses of Parliament would have been precisely analogous to the league of the Imperial Government with JELLACHICH. The entire nation of Hungary resented the treason—nobles, and traders, and peasants rose as one man in defence of their franchises—and the gallant Hungarian army threatened the Austrian capital. Right and might for once were united, but the law of nations intervened. The baffled Monarch was an Emperor and a King, and the Czar NICHOLAS—himself, in virtue of similar transactions, King of Poland—sent an army across the Carpathians. None of the great Powers ventured to remonstrate; and the sycophants of despotism, both on the Continent and in England, applauded the disinterested zeal of the great champion of order.

In urgent cases, it is not even necessary that the injured Sovereign should actually demand the assistance of his neighbours. If liberty and right are to be infringed, the law of nations will not inquire too narrowly into the wishes of individual princes. In 1848, before PRUS IX. had been frightened out of his small stock of Liberalism, Austria occupied Ferrara on the principle that her intervention, if not desired by the Government, was at least obnoxious to the people. It is understood that the same Power at the present moment holds Parma by a similar title. When the ruler of Tuscany remonstrated, two or three years since, against the measures of the Austrian generals, he was reminded that, as an Archduke, he owed allegiance to the Imperial head of his house. The occupation of Rome and of the Legations depends on another principle of international law, consisting in the conscientious obligations of the Catholic Powers. The French Government, whatever may be the opinions of its individual members, is always conspicuous for its corporate orthodoxy; and the Court of Vienna is even more directly susceptible of religious influences. It has become a fixed principle that the power of the POPE must be maintained; and consequently, interference in the patrimony of St. PETER is not only a legal right, but a sacred duty.

On the other hand, it has been generally admitted that no amount of iniquity and oppression can justify the interference of any foreign Power in vindication of natural justice and of rational government. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF is struck with horror at the suggestion that England and France may possibly prevent the King of NAPLES from disposing of his subjects according to his fancy. The Austrian Court, while it recommends its dependent ally to return a courteous answer to the Western Powers, does not fail to protest against the monstrous doctrine of intervention for any other purpose than in defence of cruelty and wrong. The servile

journals of Paris echo the indignation of Vienna; and even in England there are writers and speakers who are not ashamed to repeat the malignant cant of Continental absolutism.

In the face of opposition so general, it is not surprising that the attempt to relieve Naples from a reign of terror has, for the present, partially failed. Politicians of the stamp of Mr. LAING, who repudiate sentiment and enthusiasm, will rejoice in the temporary triumph of prudent injustice. "The ablest note of Lord CLARENDON," says the ex-chairman of the Brighton Railway and Crystal Palace, "speaks with a feeble force compared with a Stock-Exchange List or Price Current, which tells the people of a civilized country by breakfast time the next morning that their property is depreciated 10 per cent. because their Government has committed a folly over night." And yet, in public as well as in private life, men sometimes prefer duty even to 10 per cent. The nation deliberately entered on the Russian war, and obstinately persevered in it, although it depreciated property and increased taxation by a much larger percentage. Money always attracts sufficient reverence; but its votaries are too enthusiastic when they claim for their idol an exclusive Divinity. Mr. LAING says that his numerous foreign acquaintances reprobate the intrusive policy of England; and it is not unlikely that a gentleman who traverses Europe in connexion with railway speculations may meet with persons who prefer ten per cent. to the release of any number of political prisoners. Justice and humanity are incommensurable with profit. The juxtaposition of armed strength with iniquity which may be redressed, confers the right of interference and imposes it as a duty; but it must be admitted that, like many other duties, the redress of grievances is rather onerous than gainful.

Yielding to the remonstrances of Austria and Russia, and, in the case of one of the allies, in deference to monarchical scruples, England and France are about to reduce their protest against Neapolitan oppression within the narrowest limits. The embassies are to be withdrawn from Naples—or rather, the French Minister is to retire, and the English vacancy is not to be filled up. At the same time, the allied squadrons are to leave their present anchorage, wherever it may be, for the purpose of protecting the English and French residents, who, not being exposed to the slightest danger, will certainly derive little advantage from the existence of two fleets which are on no account to come within sight of the Bay of Naples. The ingenious gentlemen who write the foreign correspondence of the newspapers exhaust their eloquence in hopes that the King of NAPLES will give way, and in fears that he may be obstinate. Ordinary observers will fail, however, to perceive either the advantage of a verbal concession, or the motives which should induce the delinquent Sovereign to promise amendment. If he emptied his gaols, he could fill them again next morning; and he will probably sleep in peace without a French or English Minister to protest against his misgovernment. Even so far as the more determined of his two opponents is concerned, he is exposed to no greater inconvenience than that which is complacently borne by the Government of Washington. Against French violence he has the security of the *Moniteur*, with its promises of abstinence from all active measures.

Nevertheless, it must be repeated that the Neapolitan movement is an innovation in the right direction. Lord CLARENDON and his colleagues at the Congress of Paris have created a precedent which will operate long after the reasons which condemn the allied fleets to remain out of sight of the Italian shore shall have become obsolete. The remonstrances made at the Congress affected the conduct of a Sovereign to his subjects. The diplomatic indignity which is about to be inflicted on the King of NAPLES is avowedly the result of his misgovernment and tyranny. It is

evident that, if a nation's internal affairs are wholly exempt from foreign cognizance, the withdrawal of an Ambassador on the ground of domestic misrule is as unjustifiable in principle as a blockade or a declaration of war. The English Government has probably done all that it could—the French Government, possibly more than it intended. The Italians have no positive injury to complain of at our hands, although they may have suffered serious disappointment. Their cause has made a small but a definite advance. The two greatest Powers of Europe have declared their wishes on behalf of the victims of oppression, and have relieved themselves from all complicity with the crowned offender. The Kings of Europe have too long formed a club for mutual insurance; but England and France have now distinctly intimated to the King of NAPLES that henceforward he must provide for his own liabilities.

Mr. LAING, with that laxity which calculators of percentages display in moral and political discussions, inquires, "What are the lazaroni to us, that we should risk solid advantages for their sake, like the friendship of France, and the alliance of Austria?" or, it might have been added, like concessions of railways in either Empire, which may possibly fetch premiums of more than 10 per cent. The relation of the lazaroni or Neapolitan rabble to England is certainly very remote. The lazaroni are the most zealous supporters of FERDINAND II., their "adored and absolute master." It is nothing to them that gentlemen, scholars, merchants, and lawyers, are chained and flogged, and imprisoned in poisonous dungeons. The lazaroni are practically of the same opinion with Mr. LAING, although, having no capital, they never make 10 per cent. But the English nation thinks differently of the sufferings of foreign nations, and of its own responsibilities. The mildness of the measures adopted by the allied Governments will be accepted as a necessity, but it will not be received with enthusiasm. It is desirable, however, that the friends of liberty should welcome every demonstration of official sympathy with their cause. Those who complain most loudly that the cause of freedom was betrayed by England in 1848 are, in nine cases out of ten, the avowed supporters of despotism.

#### UNCLE TOM IN POLITICS.

*UNCLE Tom's Cabin* was a very powerful novel, though a good deal of its English circulation was owing to its being sold for sixpence, and to its abusing the English aristocracy; but it is absurd to carry the spirit of a tale written by an extravagant partisan into our criticisms of a great nation, of whose difficulties and dangers we have a most imperfect understanding. The entire English Press, daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, appears to have taken the stump for Colonel FREMONT, and to be pressing his claims to the Presidency with an energy which would be excessive even if we all enjoyed the right of voting in Pennsylvania. A part, at all events, of the impressions under which we are making this dead set at BUCHANAN and slavery is without a shadow of foundation. We think that, because we abolished slavery in our West India Islands, we are so free from spot or stain of oppression as to put the Americans under the necessity of listening patiently to any amount of impartial criticism, weighty advice, or august rebuke which we may choose to send them. We certainly nourish no social evil so definite and concrete as Slavery, but we are extraordinarily mistaken if we fancy that the Americans of the North look upon us as less guilty of mortal sin against humanity than their Southern brethren. The North is, in fact, exactly the section of the United States in which calumny of England forms part of the regular currency of oratory and conversation. The other day, we read in a New York newspaper that the Southern slaveholders "keep their negroes in a state of ignorance which would be disgraceful even in a subject of Queen VICTORIA." Mrs. BEECHER STOWE herself may be cited in proof of the little respect of Americans for our opinion on these subjects. Since she has dined with Dukes, she has become more complimentary, but we should like to know where, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the slightest credit is given us for West Indian emancipation; and we remember perfectly well that when *St. Clair* awakes to the iniquities of Southern society around him, he is careful to conciliate national prepossessions by classing British operatives with negroes, and the English nobility with the slave-holding proprietary. So far, therefore, from our uproarious sympathy being of the slightest use to Colonel FREMONT, it is regarded by most of his friends as intrusive and insulting. Indeed it

is doing him positive harm. The Democratic journals have not succeeded in persuading the people that the English CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER supplied the funds for his canvass, but they point to the patronage which the English press is ostentatiously extending to the Republican cause, and ask, not unnaturally, whether a policy so palatable to a rival commonwealth is likely to be conducive to national security and national honour.

President PIERCE has recently snubbed us in the face of the world, and the Northern Democrats and Filibusters among whom he divides his patronage are all open-mouthed against England. Here, no doubt, are some of the reasons why we are such fervent well-wishers to the candidate who threatens to overturn President PIERCE's system. But are we quite sure that Colonel FREMONT, if he becomes President, will not imitate Mr. PIERCE in his anti-British diplomacy, however he may repudiate his predecessor's example in other respects? He bears an excellent character, and the cause which he represents, if confined to the legitimate object of recovering the soil of Kansas to freedom, is one which it would be treason against human nature to decry. But he is quite untried, and the party which backs him is a collection of incoherent atoms, without mutual trust, without experience, and without traditions of policy. Such a party has been formed more than once in the course of American political history, though never on so large a scale; but it has uniformly been unequal to the responsibilities of power, and in its weakness it has uniformly appealed to that coarsest of American prejudices of which England is the object. Colonel FREMONT and the new men whom, it is said, he will introduce to power, may have firmness and honesty enough to resist these temptations; but on the other hand, we have some tolerably solid guarantees that Mr. BUCHANAN's attitude towards England will be less provocative than Mr. PIERCE's. The dismissal of Mr. CRAMPTON, the insolence of Mr. Attorney-General CUSHING, and the Ostend manifesto, were all intended by the chiefs of the Democrats to conciliate the Northern wing of their party, then its most powerful section; but if Mr. BUCHANAN be elected next month, the Northern Democracy will have much less influence than heretofore, and the South much more, in determining the principles on which government is to be conducted. Now there is not a question that there is more real friendliness towards England in the Southern States than in the Northern. The very constitution of society removes the necessity for pandering to the vulgar hatred of those mobs of Irishmen, and that populace of denationalized English immigrants, who, as going far to make up the omnipotent majority, must have their share of worship from the politicians of the North. Though there is less æsthetical cultivation than in the North, there is more political and historical knowledge, and a much higher toleration for communities which do not exactly agree with the ideal type of Government which may happen to be popular for the moment in the States. When President PIERCE was directing his last insult against England, the House of Representatives, which is essentially a Northern assembly, and in which there was for the time a Republican majority, was with him to a man; but in the Senate, the Southern stronghold, the PRESIDENT's policy was fairly debated, and the Senators who spoke justly and kindly of England were, without an exception, Southerners and slave-owners. In the beginning of the present contest, there was hardly a single public meeting in the South at which some speaker or other did not threaten the North that the Southern States would withdraw from the confederation and return to the position of an English colony. The menace was of course only the transient form of a popular cry, and did not imply the least intention of undoing the work of the Revolution; but it at all events indicated no unfriendliness to England, and it is also remarkable as expressing an idea which, for a hundred reasons, could not possibly have occurred to a Northerner. Were there actual danger of a collision with the United States, there is only one section of the country of which we could be absolutely sure that it would prefer almost any alternative to war. The Southern States would make substantial sacrifices for the sake of peace with England; but as for the supporters of Colonel FREMONT, with whom Englishmen seem to be making common cause, there are some of them who would cry up, or write up, or talk up a British war to-morrow, if they thought they could get a hundred votes by it. We do not, we imagine, do injustice to the conductors of the modest and high-principled *New York Herald* in saying that any despot, in any European country, who should invite one of its touring *collaborateurs*



to the Court of Vienna, or St. Petersburg, or Berlin, or Paris—or any place, in fact, where there were gentlemen in uniform and ladies in feathers—might at once secure the assistance of that patriotic journal for the formation or promotion of an armed alliance against British tyranny all over the world.

The interest of Englishmen in Colonel FREMONT is allied to too much that is noble in the national character to be worthy of contempt or condemnation; but it is excessive, indiscriminating, and ill-instructed. If it does not overrate the evils of Southern institutions, it underrates the solidity of Southern society. Founded on the representations of a heated partisan, it knows of no degrees in the situation of the enslaved class, or in the passions of the proprietary which, not so very unnaturally, resents interference with the sources of its wealth. How far this ignorance extended we had hardly guessed until the appearance last week of *Railways and Revolvers in Georgia*. Since DEFOE's *Short Way with the Dissenters*, there has been no such triumph of irony. It would be very unjust to suppose that there is any other subject on which the conductors of the *Times* could have been hoaxed like children on April Fool's Day; but the gentleman who victimized them had accurately taken the measure of their ignorance of America, and knew perfectly well to what lengths he might go. We have long since seen that our public instructors imagine the violences which are perpetrated in Kansas to be characteristic of the entire South—a mistake about equivalent to confounding a row at the diggings of Ballarat with a riot in St. James's-square; but we admire the boldness of the man who could prove this by getting the first of English journals solemnly to pledge its credit that a railway carriage, traversing one of the quietest States of the Union, had been, in the course of a few hours, the theatre of six duels and a child-murder. It really seems now that the joke is to go a little farther, and we are called upon to believe that this ingeniously simple and matter-of-fact story is from the pen of a person with a tendency to long words and maudering, who tells us that his wife is a widow and a lover of her country, and that the conciseness which we admired in *Railways and Revolvers* was the result "not of coolness, but of deliberation." If we had more than a very moderate belief in the authenticity and genuineness of Mr. ARROWSMITH, we should suspect him of standing in much the same relation to this history in which JOE SMITH stood to the MS. novel which he manufactured into the Mormon gospel. It looked as if the husband of the lover of her country had fished up somewhere a Southern caricature of Northern exaggerations, and had put it off on the *Times* as an account of his own experiences. Somebody, at all events, has hoaxed the Leading Journal; but whether from unrespectability, insanity, untruthfulness, or simple fun, we cannot undertake to say. At all events, the success of this experiment on English credulity is conclusive as to the value of English criticisms on America; but we wish our countrymen would remember that judgments which are quite worthless may, under the circumstances, be exceedingly dangerous.

#### MR. SPURGEON AT THE SURREY GARDENS.

IF it be true, as has been said, that notables represent, rather than create, public opinion, Mr. SPURGEON and his doings are worth a more serious consideration than their intrinsic value would justify. The manners of an age or people do not follow its literature—they produce it. CREBILLON or SHAFTESBURY did not form the taste or principles of their contemporaries—VOLTAIRE did not so much educate as embody his times—and, in like manner, Mr. SPURGEON does not create the state of feeling to which he owes his popularity. It is a melancholy reflection that such a personage is a notable at all. It is no new thing that there should be popular delusions, but we had flattered ourselves that we had outlived the days of religious, or so-called religious, epidemics. Yet the age of spirit-rapping and of Mr. SPURGEON—the times in which Dr. CUMMING is an authority, and JOE SMITH and Mr. PRINCE are prophets—cannot cast stones at any "dark ages." Whatever legitimate weapons, be they of argument or ridicule, can be employed to arrest the progress of mere imposture, we hold to be justifiable. We should not deem Mr. SPURGEON entitled to the place which he at this moment occupies in public attention—and certainly we should not trouble ourselves with any reference to his proceedings—did we not consider him rather as a sign and a result than an original. His success is simply of the vul-

garest and most commonplace type. Given a person of some natural talents, with matchless powers of acquired impudence, and a daring defiance of good taste, and often of common decency—and he will always produce an effect. Anybody who will give himself out as some great one, will find followers enough to accept his leadership. A charlatan will never be without dupes. The crowds who flock to the various SPURGEON conventicles are only of the class who would follow the bottle conjuror, or any one who chose to advertise that he would fly from the Monument to the dome of St. Paul's. Mr. SPURGEON is perfectly aware that human nature is much the same now as it was five hundred years ago, and it is with humiliation that we concur in his estimate. His crowded congregations are part of his stock-in-trade. He hires Exeter Hall or the Surrey Gardens merely in the way of an advertisement. If he could have the Coliseum at Rome, it would be a safe investment. His scheme for building a conventicle to hold fifteen thousand persons is all in the way of business, just like the big shop, *toute la Rue du Cogl*, in Paris.

All we can do is to warn the public, but we are afraid it will be to little purpose. *Populus vult decipi*. It is, we fear, scarcely more useless to caution people against Joint Stock Banks and bubble Companies when there is a plethora of money, than seriously to hold up Mr. SPURGEON to the world as a very ordinary impostor. The only effectual remedy is, in the one case, to provide safe and honest investments for capital—in the other, to offer more healthful and rational counter attractions. We have been accused in some quarters of recommending Sunday amusements in the place of religion. As a fact, we have done no such thing, for our arguments were all based on the compatibility of religious exercises with healthful and innocent recreation, and the policy of combining them. But if the question is between Sunday bands and Sunday doings of the SPURGEON character at the Surrey Gardens, by all means, we say, let the bands at least be admitted to unrestricted competition. We do not wish to silence Mr. SPURGEON, but, for the sake of the public safety, let there be a chance of thinning the crowds. Very judiciously, on a late occasion, we had fireworks simultaneously in the West-end Parks, on Primrose-hill, and in the east of London; and we do not see why Mr. SPURGEON should have a monopoly of brazen instruments south of the Thames. WHITFIELD used to preach at fairs. In these days of open competition, we perceive no reason why this practice should not be inverted. The innovation would only be the substitution of one set of amusements for another—or, rather, an addition to our list of Sunday sports. Let religious people ask themselves whether this is not in fact the true way of putting the case. It is a profanation to religion to imagine that, as regards the crowds who flock to the SPURGEON show, there is any higher influence at work than the common love of excitement. Mr. SPURGEON's doings are, we believe, entirely discountenanced by his co-religionists. There is scarcely a dissenting minister of any note who associates with him. We do not observe, in any of his schemes or building operations, the names, as trustees or the like, of any leaders in what is called the religious world. Nor can we attribute to mere envy the feelings with which Mr. SPURGEON is apparently regarded by those respectable persons who are his brethren in the dissenting ministry. Somehow it is generally felt that religion is not benefited by his abnormal proceedings. There is, at any rate, this most remarkable *differentia* between him and other revivalists—that he stands alone, or nearly so. The fact is an antecedent ground for grave suspicion and natural distrust.

This hiring of places of public amusement for Sunday preaching is a novelty, and a painful one. It looks as if religion were at its last shift. It is a confession of weakness rather than a sign of strength. It is not wrestling with Satan in his strongholds—to use the old earnest Puritan language—but entering into a very cowardly truce and alliance with the world. After all, Mr. SPURGEON only affects to be the Sunday JULLIEN. We are told of the profanity which must have been at the bottom of the clerical mind when the Church acted miracle-plays and tolerated the Feast of the Ass; but the old thing reappears when popular preachers hire concert rooms and preach Particular Redemption in saloons reeking with the perfume of tobacco, and yet echoing with the chaste melodies of *Bobbing Around* and the valse from the *Traviata*. And where is this to end? If, as Mr. SPURGEON doubtless argued, Exeter Hall can be hired by a clergyman of the Establishment to read Mr. CAIRD's sermon, and if the enterprising divine who performed this notable

feat was rewarded for it by the judicious Archbishop of CANTERBURY with a living of 500*l.* per annum, why should not he hire the Surrey Gardens? Mr. SPURGEON has outbid Mr. MANSFIELD; but why should not somebody outbid Mr. SPURGEON? Or why should he be content with his present achievements? The Surrey Garden affair was a great *coup*. The deplorable accident of last Sunday, in which seven people lost their lives, and scores were maimed, mutilated, or otherwise cruelly injured, Mr. SPURGEON only considers as an additional intervention of Providence in his favour. "This event will, I trust, teach us the necessity of"—being sober, rational, and decent!—No.—"having a building of our own." Preach another crowd into a frenzy of terror,—kill and smash a dozen or two more—and then the speculation will have succeeded. The wild excitement of the terror-stricken crowd was only used as a tool to help the cause; and the deacon, with an eye to business and the new conventicle, in the midst of the agonies and the fractured limbs, the death-groans and shrieks of women, and the sobs of children, handed round the begging-box, and "trusted that the congregation would not omit to aid by their contributions," &c. &c. Mr. SPURGEON, improving the occasion, is said to have remarked that "this gathering had aroused Satan, and he would not allow the service to go on without endeavouring to interrupt it." We do not profess that familiarity with Satan and his doings which is enjoyed by Mr. SPURGEON. Doubtless he possesses more of Satan's confidence, and more knowledge of his character, than ordinary men—at least, with our estimate of the Power of Evil, we should judge so from this mode of dealing with the deplorable result of his vanity and cupidity. We certainly believe that Satan was busy enough on Sunday evening last. The reporters tell us that the publicans and pickpockets "reaped a rich harvest" from the occasion. These are, at any rate, new fruits of a Gospel ministry, and strange triumphs of the Cross. Expostulation and advice are thrown away upon one who can act as Mr. SPURGEON is reported to have acted in the very presence of these unusual seals to his ministry. Yet it is always a public duty to show up selfishness and vanity; and we can only hope that it will prove in this instance to be a public benefit also.

#### SPAIN.

O'DONNELL'S two months' reign is over, and the general expectation of Europe is confirmed by the installation of NARVAEZ as his successor. The fallen Minister will receive little compassion. The experiment of breaking up the Coalition of 1854 could only have been justified by a success so complete as to prove that there was a middle party in Spain, entitled by its union and vigour to assert its pre-eminence. The Vicarist insurgents allied themselves with ESPARTERO, two years since, for the attainment of certain public objects; but they were afterwards dissatisfied with the overwhelming popularity of their confederate, they disliked the convocation of the constituent Cortes, and distrusted its policy, and in the establishment of the National Guard they saw an impediment to the successful administration of the Government. Although the process by which O'DONNELL drove his colleague from office was something more than questionable, Spaniards are not accustomed to scrutinize Ministerial intrigues too closely; and it has long been understood that, with the exception of ESPARTERO himself, no public man in the kingdom is expected to be scrupulously honest. Many moderate politicians were willing to hope that the new Minister, knowing that he was distrusted by the Court, would ally himself with the more temperate portion of the Liberal party. The dissolution of the Cortes might only imply that no new Constitution was wanted for the country, and there was much to be said in favour of the disbandment of a force which has never yet succeeded, in any part of the Continent, in maintaining either liberty or order. The intermission of the sale of Church lands first indicated a breach between O'DONNELL and the great body of the Progressists, and the acceptance of an ill-timed decoration from a foreign Potentate necessarily alarmed the national susceptibility.

The only reason which could have justified the adherence of the moderate Progressists to O'DONNELL would have been a conviction that he had formed an accurate estimate of his position, and that he was prepared to maintain himself in the place from which he had thrust a less resolute rival. It soon appeared, however, that the Court had no purpose of

allowing its instrument to become its master. The Ministry was compelled to make more than one unworthy concession, and to find all its efforts for independence counteracted; but the report that the QUEEN displayed especial condescension on the eve of a further change is in itself highly probable, for the innocent ISABEL, as her Majesty was formerly designated, had treated ESPARTERO with similar kindness immediately before his dismissal. NARVAEZ will not fail to watch with solicitude and alarm the gracious smiles of his ingenuous mistress. If any popular resistance to the Royal will is displayed, the Minister will be employed to suppress it; but he well knows the recollections which exclude him from the genuine confidence of the Court. Only a few years have passed since the Marshal and ex-Premier received an insulting commission to improve his education by studying the archives of the War-office at Vienna. After an exile of some years, he returns to govern Spain in pursuance of a royal resolution as arbitrary and capricious as that which drove him from his country. Even if he is disposed to forget his past disgrace, his former attempts to restrain the eccentric proceedings of the Palace will never be pardoned or forgotten. O'DONNELL has just experienced the tenacity of the Royal memory. The overthrow of ESPARTERO, although in itself an acceptable service, could not efface the recollection of the movement which drove the Count of SAN LUIS from power, and compelled the Queen-Mother to take refuge in France.

The first acts of the new Ministry are evidently the fulfilment of a preliminary bargain with the Crown. The Concordat is to be enforced in all points, and the sale of Church lands is to be discontinued—in other words, the ecclesiastical indulgence which is so much wanted at Court is to be purchased at the expense of the nation. Yet it may be doubted whether the triumph of Roman diplomacy is as solid as it is gratifying. According to former precedent, it would not be difficult to form an approximate calculation of the duration of the present policy. In due time, some O'DONNELL or SERRANO will think that the moment is arrived for an attempt to obtain a turn of office. The Liberal party will be won over by the promise of a free Cortes, and the national representatives will once more attack the property of the Establishment. At the same time, the inquiry into the gigantic peculations of CHRISTINA will in all probability be renewed. The constituent Cortes might perhaps have acted more prudently in abstaining from the agitation of these questions; but henceforth they will serve for the occasion and the symbol of party triumphs.

There may be different opinions as to the provisions of the Concordat, and as to the expediency of applying the secularized ecclesiastical estates to the relief of the public finances; but there can be no doubt that the assumption by the Crown of exclusive power to decide either question is inconsistent with the first principles of constitutional Government. NARVAEZ himself will doubtless convoke some species of Cortes to sanction the collection of the revenue; and even if a legislative assembly is deprived of independence and sovereignty, it must require an account of the national resources before proceeding to supply any deficiency by the requisite taxes. ESPARTERO's budgets were based on calculations which treated the lands in dispute as the available property of the nation—NARVAEZ will probably avoid the necessity of placing the burden on the tax-payer by the easier process of mulcting the public creditor. The exertion of prerogative which has for the moment decided the practical question has by no means strengthened the legal title of the Church.

The QUEEN claims her throne by virtue of a compact in which the maintenance of a representative constitution forms the primary condition. The direct male heir was excluded by the vote of a Cortes, repealing the established and recognised law of the monarchy. Divine right was undeniably on the side of Don CARLOS, but the will of the people had called the daughter of FERDINAND to the throne; and the contest between despotism and representative Government formed the professed issue of the obstinate civil war which followed. England and France supported the cause which commanded their sympathies, and it was universally understood that the defeat of the Carlists put an end to the hopes of absolutism. The establishment of an Austrian or Neapolitan system in Spain would reduce the QUEEN to the position of a mere usurper, while the legitimate heir might outbid her in his offers to the nation, as he would at least rival her in the favour of Rome and in the good-will of the Continental Sovereigns. It is not likely that, in the face of so obvious a danger, Parliamentary Government will be professedly abandoned. A servile Cortes is far preferable to the simple



machinery of despotism; and experience has shown that the Liberal party has a periodical tendency to recover its influence. Even NARVAEZ may perhaps be inclined, when he finds the favour of the Court becoming slippery, to negotiate with his old opponents.

The strength and vitality of the reigning dynasty seem to depend on its extraordinary elasticity. The Court is more or less absolute according to the result of the latest *pronunciamento*; but it contrives to maintain its position, whether ESPARTERO, or NARVAEZ, or BRAVO is in power. When Liberalism is triumphant, the QUEEN is enthusiastic for freedom. Although the plots for the overthrow of the Progressista leaders are generally well-timed and successful, the hope of reconciliation is not cut off; and it is known that the Court will always be ready to conform to necessity. The most marked indication of a sound political instinct in the Spanish character consists in the obstinate determination of the people to affect a belief in the Royal word. A change of dynasty would involve revolution and civil war, and it is better to carry on the contest under cover of constitutional forms, which must always give a certain advantage to those who wish to convert them into realities. Liberty is not yet established in Spain, because the nation has not yet provided itself with the necessary securities. There is no class powerful enough to repress anarchy from below, and at the same time to render encroachment from above impossible. The community is struggling towards freedom, but it has yet much to learn. The plots and treasons of the Palace are but secondary causes of the frequent interruptions of constitutional progress; and the symptoms will disappear when the origin of the disease is eradicated.

#### FRENCH COMMERCIAL REFORM.

ON economical questions, the French Government is in some respects in advance of its subjects; but prudent men, although their power may be almost unlimited, shrink from precipitate interference with material interests. In matters of police or of administration, or even in the conduct of a war, absolute monarchy justifies, to a certain extent, the boasts of its admirers, by superior simplicity, promptitude, and despatch. In legislative changes, on the other hand, the Minister of a constitutional Government can accomplish undertakings which defy the power of the most absolute Sovereign. Economical reforms always injure or alarm privileged classes, and the attempt to overrule their opposition by official authority is invidious, and sometimes dangerous. In the absence of free institutions, the legislator can derive no support from the conflict of interests, or from impartial and instructed opinion. Public discussion would soon convince the vast majority of Frenchmen that their tariff imposes unnecessary burdens on themselves, and the manufacturers who clamour for protection would find themselves in collision, not with the Government, but with the great body of their countrymen. The nation, in short, in this, as in many other instances, would, under proper guidance, do for itself the work which statesmen find too severe for their strength. There may be a certain amount of trouble or risk in managing a spirited horse; but it is better for a man to learn the art of driving than to draw the load himself.

The Imperial Government has for some time perceived the expediency of introducing commercial reforms. Last year, a Bill was framed by the Council of State for the purpose of abolishing existing prohibitions; but the Legislative Body, with an unseasonable outburst of independence, interposed obstacles which induced the Ministry to withdraw the measure. The *Moniteur* has now announced the intention of the Government to renew its cautious attempts at innovation. The Council of State has been instructed to prepare a Bill under which all prohibitions will cease within a limited period; and as it is not likely that the Assembly will venture to offer any further resistance, the tariff will, to a certain extent, be rendered prospectively less irrational. Yet the timidity of the project, together with the apologetic preface by which it is introduced, may well surprise foreigners who have long ceased to consider Free-Trade an open question. The Imperial decree postpones the abolition of prohibitory duties to 1861—by which time, it is hoped that those French manufactures which profit by the exclusion of imports will be vigorous enough to stand alone. The Exhibition of 1855 is supposed to have proved that native industry is capable, with certain privileges, of holding

its ground against foreign competition; but, for further security, a period of five years is allowed before the stranger, however heavily handicapped, is permitted to enter himself for the race. As a scheme for buying off or deadening opposition, the adjournment of the proposed reforms is perhaps not ill devised. Practical traders never look far beyond the moment, and a loss deferred for five years lies out of the range of their calculations. Their own future is, to many men, almost as indifferent as the interest of their neighbours or of the community. The year 1861 may almost be said to belong to posterity; for before that time some firms will be bankrupt or extinct, and others will consist of new members.

It is evident, however, that reasons which justify a change five years hence are not less applicable at the present moment. The true objection to restrictions or prohibitions is derived from the impediment which they offer to the natural current of trade. It is idle to prove that, if the channel were opened, it would be merely superfluous. A prohibition to import an article which can be produced better and cheaper at home is not worth removing, except for the sake of theoretical symmetry. The manufacturers who ask for the continuance of protection implicitly assert that their goods are worse or dearer than those of their competitors in other countries; and it is impossible that they should believe in the sincerity of a paternal Government which assures them that they do themselves injustice. When French cutlery and cotton prints undersell Lancashire and Yorkshire, the repeal of Customs duties on those articles will affect neither revenue nor trade. In fact, the removal of monopolies has not unfrequently benefited the monopolists themselves in the long run. Competition stimulates energy and invention, and it necessarily directs enterprise into legitimate channels; but exceptional and occasional reasons for a policy founded on principles universally true, cannot fail to be sophistical.

The reference of the *Moniteur* to the results of the Paris Exhibition is well founded in fact, if it is not logical in argument. English visitors, acquainted with the various products of industry, were surprised, and in some instances alarmed, by the rapid progress of French manufactures. In many departments, Manchester and Sheffield were compelled to admit that the work was equal to their own; and they could not always claim a superiority in cheapness. In the presence of constantly extending exports, there is perhaps no sufficient cause for uneasiness as to the maintenance of our own industrial supremacy; but a portion at least of the advantage is due to the vast extension of English commerce as compared with the petty operations of our rivals. Frenchmen, if they are rash in the money market, are still timid in legitimate trade. Their tariff, and the theories on which it is founded, tend to discourage the spirit of mercantile adventure. The mere removal of prohibitions, implying the maintenance of high differential duties, is but a trifling advance towards sound legislation; but any measure which admits a single bale of goods previously excluded, confers a certain benefit on the community. When foreign productions are prohibited, the Government loses the tax which the consumer would be willing to pay for the satisfaction of his wants; and the prospective increase of the Customs' revenue probably forms the principal inducement for official attempts to reform the present system. The whole doctrine of protection has, in fact, grown up as an incidental result of fiscal wants and contrivances. Foreign goods are taxed in all countries, because it is possible to intercept them at the ports. The Sound Dues form the simplest illustration of the original theory of customs. The monopoly given to domestic producers has ensured support to extortionate Governments, but the interest of the Treasury is in truth directly opposed to that of the protected manufacturers, by whom prohibitions, although wholly unprofitable to the revenue, are naturally preferred to the most fruitful tariff.

French writers, with few exceptions, still propagate the delusion that exports are more advantageous to a country than imports; and it is useless to argue with theorists who consider that the farmer gains by spreading guano, while the harvest is a secondary consideration. Exports are outlay—imports are the return. Expenditure may afford an approximate indication of consumption, but in trade, although not in morals, it is more blessed to receive than to give. As, however, payments and receipts must in the long run be balanced, it matters little whether attention is directed to the first or to the second column of a statistical table. If

French economists wish to sell, they must be content to buy. Protection is at the best, or at the worst, necessarily local; for competition in the general market of the world is unavoidably free. There is some justice in the recriminatory charge that England discourages French produce by differential duties. The wine tariff, although not intended for purposes of protection, is prohibitory of many of the cheaper vintages; but there can be little doubt that, within a few years, the duty will be reduced, if the revenue can afford the sacrifice. The exceptional protection afforded to certain articles of manufacture is altogether indefensible. There can be no reason why English shoemakers, glovers, lacemen, or manufacturers of sewn goods, should possess a partial monopoly at the expense of consumers, with the additional inconvenience of incessant annoyance to travellers. With the abolition of the paltry tax on a few portable articles, the necessity for examining luggage at the Custom House would almost disappear, for few persons would smuggle brandy or wine in a portmanteau. With the legalization of foreign gloves and lace, tobacco would be the only commodity which would tempt the amateur in contraband.

The time will come when trade between the opposite shores of the Channel will be deemed as natural as the intercourse between London and Kent. The question whether the Weald is rich enough to send its produce to the metropolis, would scarcely occur to the most fossil specimen of a farmer; yet a century has not elapsed since TURGOT found great difficulty in overriding similar prejudices in France. When two men are making a bargain, it may be natural for a bystander, if he is strong enough, to insist on receiving a share of the proceeds as a tax; but it was reserved to modern times for the legislative intruder to persuade the dealers that it was their own interest to renounce a profitable transaction. England has, fortunately for herself, been the first to return to a simpler economy. In course of time, foreign nations will find it better not to leave an envied rival in possession of a monopoly of common sense.

#### THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

THERE must be something very exhilarating in a water diet. Every one has heard of Dutch courage, and of the miracles of daring sometimes achieved under the influence of baneful stimulants. It is a fact that the Russians fought well at Inkermann, and died like heroes with their flasks of raki in their pockets—though, as they fought well on all occasions, perhaps this cannot be quoted as more than negative evidence in favour of grog. But we never met with an instance of steady, cheerful resolution at all to compare with that displayed by the champions of the Maine Liquor Law at their recent meeting at Manchester. These water-drinking gentlemen brighten up at every discomfiture. They go far beyond the traditional character of the British soldier, who does not know when he is beaten. They do know it, and positively like it. Each reverse is accepted as an omen of triumph, and the more hopeless their cause appears, the more intoxicated they seem with visions of future victory.

Sir W. TREVELYAN, the chairman of the day, seems to have been cut out by nature to lead a forlorn hope, or defend an untenable fortress. He finds encouragement in failure, and cheers his followers with the narrative of the heavy blows which their movement has received during the past year. Undismayed by the efforts of their enemies, he sees in them only a helping hand unwittingly stretched forth to prosper the great cause. The Act for lengthening the open hours of public houses has generally been regarded as a natural reaction against the attempts of the repression party to force the screw a turn too far; and we believe it was opposed, under this impression, by all the force which the United Kingdom Alliance could bring to bear. But this, says Sir WALTER, is a great mistake. The Act is the best thing possible for the cause of prohibition, because in course of time the public will call for a régime still more advanced than that which had previously prevailed. Regarded in the same hopeful spirit, the fact that the Maine Law has been repealed as an intolerable nuisance in some of the American States, was another encouraging symptom which infallibly prognosticated its speedy re-enactment under "more stringent regulations." There is no possibility of damping the expectations of a man sanguine enough to draw comfort from discouragement itself. Besides, the chairman had a variety of other topics of consolation. In the first place, humanity is advancing, and there-

fore the Maine Law must advance too. Then, somebody had talked teetotalism at the Brussels Congress. Lord STANLEY, too, had been weak enough to engage in an "important correspondence" with Mr. POPE; and, best of all, the *Times* had attacked the cause, and was therefore certain, before long, to favour the public with far more logical and able articles taking exactly the opposite side of the question.

Having referred to all these cheering signs of progress, the chairman made way for the Secretary of the Alliance. Mr. POPE, full of exultation at having inveigled a lord into a controversy, seems to have pestered all sorts of persons with invitations to attend the Manchester meeting, and, as a natural consequence, to have received a large crop of polite excuses from members of the Legislature and others. A refusal is almost as good as an acceptance to the brethren of this Band of Hope; for surely, argues Mr. POPE, it is something gained when gentlemen find themselves under the necessity of sending excuses. We wonder whether it ever occurred to the aqueous mind of the Secretary, that the necessity was the inevitable result of his own intrusiveness and of the courtesy of his correspondents. It seems not; for he appears to have derived great satisfaction from finding that Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR, the Recorder of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and a sufficiently well-known man on the Northern Circuit, pleaded another engagement, and that Mr. HINDLEY said he should be sorry to be thought discourteous, but was going somewhere else. It was regarded, too, as a very cheering circumstance that Mr. RAND did not quite see his way to promoting the movement, although the object of the Alliance was one in which he thought all good men must more or less sympathize. Mr. RAND's sympathy was rather of the lesser order, we presume, as it induced him to decline the pressing invitation. Mr. E. BAINES' letter was quite a trump card, as he was of opinion that the arguments of the Alliance were not quite conclusive. It was something to get an admission that they had arguments at all; and so, of course, the *Leeds Mercury* was booked, like the *Times*, for future articles on the side of restriction. Mr. MORLEY, of the Administrative Reform Bubble, was set down as a friend, because he confessed his inability to see his way clearly in reference to the subject. Perhaps Mr. POPE had a right to reckon a want of clear vision as a favourable symptom of approaching conversion. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON did not think it desirable to introduce the Maine Law in this country, even if it were practicable, though he was not indifferent to exertions to check the habit of drinking. A very lively satisfaction seems to have been derived from this announcement, as well as from several other letters to the effect that the writers were too ill to come; and it was also thought worth while to proclaim that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER "regretted he was unable to attend," and that Mr. MIALL more bluntly declined.

The result of the letter-reading showed that Mr. POPE had sent a circular invitation to the whole House of Commons, and had not succeeded in trapping a single member. But the meeting was determined, like MARK TAPLEY, to be jolly under creditable circumstances, and cheered every civil rebuff with the utmost good-humour. The magnificent successes of the past year seem to have cost the Alliance about 8500*l.*, and resolutions were passed recommending increased liberality and a more extended agitation for the future. What is still more to the purpose is, that a good round sum was collected in the room. The machinery proposed for carrying on the movement will, however, draw heavily on its resources; and unless an excitement can be got up on the scale of the old Anti-Corn-Law League, the Society seems likely to end under the superintendence of an official manager. All England is to be apportioned into districts, with a paid superintending agent and a band of active auxiliaries in each. The organization is to extend even to Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; and the whole country is to be vigorously canvassed. Other less costly means are to be used in aid of the organization. The Society, it appears, has a newspaper which will not sell—so subscribers are to be got by a personal canvass. Then there is a prize essay, which of course no one buys—and that is to be circulated for the enlightenment of the outer world. Clergymen and ministers of religion are to be canvassed to purchase copies of the essay, which seems rather hard upon them; and all magistrates are to be teased for their opinions, which is perhaps still harder. Besides this, "the religious sentiment which knocked off the fetters of the slave and destroyed the Corn Laws" is to be evoked. This, at least, was urged by one Dr. McKERROW, of the Scotch Church, who may perhaps be better able than ourselves to explain the con-



nexion between religious sentiment and Free-trade. "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest," is a sound enough financial maxim; but we never knew before that it was a matter of religion with any but the worshippers of Mammon. But most men make their hobbies a part of their religion, and we are therefore not at all surprised at Dr. McKERROW's charitable amazement that any religious man should be opposed to the cause of the Alliance.

It is impossible not to smile at the extravagant confidence of these advocates of compulsory sobriety. And yet it is sad to see so much enthusiasm thrown away. The men are probably in earnest. They must really have brought themselves to believe in their nostrum for drunkenness, or they could not go on subscribing, organizing, and planning in the face of the most unequivocal indications that the movement must end in nothing. It is enough to say of a Maine law that Englishmen won't have it. They will not be made decorous or sober by Act of Parliament, because each man feels that his own personal morality is a matter on which he has to answer only to God and his conscience. The evils of drunkenness are great enough; but if we once begin the vain attempt to render the vice physically impossible, we shall provoke opposition from the sober man as well as from the sot, and may give up, once for all, the hope of raising the only reliable barrier against the evil by inculcating habits of self-command. It may be difficult to teach men to resist the temptation to abuse that which they are allowed to use, and most difficult of all when the temptation is drink. Still, it is not half so desperate an enterprise as that which the United Kingdom Alliance has taken up. A generation or so back, drunkenness was the vice of the upper as well as of the lower classes. Now, it is almost confined to the lowest. If the one class could change its habits by the force of a higher training, who will say that the same engine may not work as effectual a transformation in the other? Not to-day nor to-morrow can such a result be looked for; but if the education, comfort, and recreation of working men and their families were promoted with the same eagerness which the Maine-law zealots display on behalf of their crotchet, no year would pass without some progress being made towards habits of sobriety of a more genuine character than would ever be produced by barring the doors of the public-house. No drunkard was ever cured by stealing his bottle. You may baulk him for a time, but he will be sure to outwit you. The reform must be in the man himself; and what is true of the individual will be found equally true of a class or a nation. To eradicate a deeply-seated vice needs all the force that can be brought to bear against it; and it is because we are sensible of the frightful extent to which drunkenness prevails among us, that we are sorry to see the energies which might be used with effect against it squandered upon an agitation in favour of a tyrannical law which will never be endured, and which would prove but an ineffectual palliative if it were.

#### THE EX-PROTECTIONISTS.

WHAT is to become of the fragments of Protection? The unlucky ship went on shore just ten years ago, and it is long since the last hope of re-constructing the unfortunate wreck was given up. The crew have undergone the vicissitudes incidental to such a calamity. Discipline has disappeared, and no one knows whom to acknowledge as captain. The unfortunates are split into little cliques, each of which has its own favourite plan for repairing the common ruin, but all efforts to construct a raft on which the survivors may once more be gathered together have proved abortive. Some are for one plank—others for another. The steady, well-trained men still follow the lead of their old chief, though neither he nor they seem to know how to keep themselves afloat. But many of the stanchest have already fallen away. The once lugubrious CHOWLER has become absolutely anarchical, and actually talks of "the present remunerative prices." The same spirit of disaffection and discontent has been displayed by many other trusted members of the old party. All over the country, men have dared to be cheerful, and to allude in general terms to the prosperity of the farmers. While the mass of the party is a prey to these disorganizing notions, its more energetic members have been devising various cries by which to recal their comrades to unity and obedience. One rather considerable body is seized by an attack of that counterfeit piety which the presence of danger sometimes produces even in the most reprobate.

"No Popery, and down with Maynooth," is the watchword by which they seek to rally the once solid phalanx of their party. Another set has a still more promising device, and has actually invented a grievance. By a crusade against agricultural statistics and the Inquisition, they would re-animate the Opposition. Other schemes of a less hopeful character have been started, but the best chance of saving the remnant of the "Country Party" appears to rest on the "No Popery and No Inquisition" policy.

This is a very melancholy prospect for all who recognise the value of an Opposition, for it is absurd to suppose that any party which aspires to govern the country can hold together without some better bond of union than the negative policy which has of late been put forward by Conservative leaders. Even assuming that Maynooth is as impious an institution as Mr. SPOONER says it is, and that Agricultural Statistics are as dangerous as the farmers are told to consider them, something more is wanted to form the programme of a Cabinet. As regards the former question, we are certainly not going to discuss it on its merits. We know that we should be met at once with the argument that a Papist endowment is offensive to the conscience of a Protestant country. But it is a fact, however much some may regret it, that the Parliament which meets at Westminster is not the representative of Protestant England alone, but of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, which happens to include some six or eight millions of Roman Catholics; and while this is so, we cannot see the difference in principle between the harshness of Austria towards its non-Catholic subjects, and the intolerance which would crush the Popish minority of our own country. But it is not only its narrow and sectarian character which destroys the value of the cry as a party shibboleth. Intolerance has before now forced its way into power; but just at present the thing is impossible, simply because no statesmen of any party can be got to form a Cabinet with the avowed purpose of disturbing the tranquillity with which Ireland has at length been blessed. Maynooth is an excellent subject for the hustings. It may even become again the occasion of an Opposition triumph. It is perhaps within the range of possibility that the grant may some day be repealed. But even if that unlikely success should be achieved, the "No Popery" party would not be a step nearer office, for it would be forced to retire from the battle-field which it could not hold even after a victory.

The resistance to the proposal to collect agricultural as we collect commercial statistics, is still more ridiculous as the guiding principle of a party. What can be wilder than to expect that a body of politicians can be made to work together with nothing more definite in common than an opinion that a farmer ought not to be teased, even for his own good, by a visit from an inquisitorial relieving officer? The speeches that have been made on this topic only show that the party still retains one principle which distinguished it when it proclaimed Protection at the hustings, at the very moment that it was prepared to follow the example of Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI in swallowing the leek of Free-trade. The same chivalrous honour which was the bond of union then, is still the universal characteristic of the Country party. It is impossible to suppose that the men who presented hundreds of petitions against the obnoxious statistical scheme, and who boast of the success with which they thwarted the feeble efforts of Lord PALMERSTON's Government to carry it, were one and all utterly ignorant of the provisions of the Bill which they so strenuously opposed; yet, almost without exception, they have described it to their constituents in language which nothing but the grossest ignorance could justify. It is no mere charge of factiousness which we bring against the gentlemen who have thought fit to denounce agricultural statistics for want of a better subject wherewith to gratify their hearers. An unreasoning cry against a useful and unobjectionable measure has always been reckoned, by too many of our public men, a perfectly legitimate artifice. But even the most lax of political moralists set some bounds to the licence allowed by the exigencies of party; and, until lately, we should have supposed that a systematic falsification of notorious facts was too bold an enterprise even for a faction in the last stage of desperation. Yet we know no other language which will adequately describe the harangues which have been addressed to the farmers at many recent meetings. Sir JOHN TROLLOPE's speech at Grantham is one of the latest specimens. After taking credit for having presented a large number of petitions against the measure, and denouncing it, of course, as a compulsory and inquisitorial

Bill of pains and penalties, he proceeded to explain that it was easy enough to make a return of the number of acres growing a particular crop, but very difficult to tell the quantity it would yield; and he illustrated this marvellous discovery by a story of a small farmer of sanguine temperament, who only got nine quarters from a field which he had estimated at twenty. The history of this disappointed farmer was followed by arguments to show that the returns would be useless, and the subject was wound up by the following sentence:—"The whole system proposed is a false one, and is likely to prove vexatious to the farmers; and therefore I opposed it. There cannot be the least objection to tell the number of acres under crop, and leave the persons making the inquiry to form their calculations on those data." Can any one doubt that these observations must have been intended to convey—and must in fact have conveyed—to the mind of every hearer who had not read the Bill, the impression that it required the farmer to return the yield of all his crops, and not merely the number of acres of each? And yet it is a fact of which Sir JOHN TROLLOPE can scarcely have been ignorant, that the Bill, if it had passed, would have exacted no other information about the farmers' crops than those very particulars which he admits there could be no objection to give.

If it is thought desirable for the interests of the party to excite prejudices against this or any other scheme, of course it must be done; but surely the ex-Protectionist orators might find some more creditable mode of enforcing their views than by a deliberate misrepresentation of the provisions of the measure they denounce. Any one who has waded through the reports of the numerous agricultural meetings will know that the tactics of Sir JOHN TROLLOPE are those commonly employed by the anti-statistical orators. If the constituents of these gentlemen should ever take the trouble to ascertain the truth, they will hardly feel much flattered by the confident reliance on their ignorance manifested by the members to whom they have been accustomed to look for guidance. Perhaps, at the same time, they will learn to distrust politicians who condescend to what is generally considered the least honourable, though it is the simplest, of all rhetorical arts.

While his mutinous followers have been engaged in their schemes of agitation, Mr. DISRAELI has maintained a prudent reserve, and has shown a marked preference for local over general topics. But at the late meeting at Chesham, he was forced to explain himself—or, to speak more correctly, to mystify his hearers—by a few words on the inquisition question. An influential member of the local association had, it seems, resolved to elicit a plain statement by asking the Opposition leader his opinion on agricultural statistics. He little knew the man he had to deal with. A tone of ineffable candour pervaded the reply, but when it was over, no one could guess what it all meant. Mr. DISRAELI "did not wish to avoid the question." He was always a friend to accurate information, but "on the subject of agricultural statistics there was a difference of opinion." A Minister had already greater means of estimating the produce of the land than were enjoyed by the officials of other countries. Mr. DISRAELI expressed no opinion whether those means ought or ought not to be enlarged; but if they were, they would lead only to deceptive returns. "He would not encourage bigoted opposition to any measure, but he would only say that we were living in an age of statistical imposture." Finally, he was of opinion that we had means of forming a general estimate of the agriculture of the country, and that those means could be improved by the aid of the farmers, but that "that aid could not and should not be obtained, unless the body from which it was sought was treated with the deference and courtesy to which it was entitled." This is really a masterpiece of oratory, of a certain sort. It is bold, downright, and rather indignant speaking, and yet it says absolutely nothing. So far as we can guess at an interpretation, it is this:—Mr. DISRAELI cannot find a word to say against the collection of statistics, but he is afraid to take up the unpopular side of the question. So he escapes a declaration by affecting to be angry at the want of courtesy shown to the farmers. Now, what does this want of courtesy amount to? Simply to this—that the census of corn, like the census of population, was to be obtained by compulsory returns. The same rudeness that compels a spinster to return her age was to be applied to force the farmer to reveal the extent of his wheat and barley land, and the acreage of his turnips and potatoes. The reason for the compulsion is obvious—

without it, an obstinate minority might render worthless the information contributed by their more sensible neighbours. The necessity had, moreover, been demonstrated by the failure of the trials made on the voluntary system. The details insisted on by the general census are furnished by all without any idea that the demand implies a want of courtesy; but, according to Mr. DISRAELI, the farmers are quite right in being more coy about their crops than the ladies are about their years, and are advised to resent as an affront the compulsion which is meant only to prevent an occasional Marplot from defeating a measure which the farmers, of all men, ought most to desire. Surely they have more sense than to get into a pet because it happens to suit certain politicians to tell them that they are insulted.

#### A GREAT NATION'S LITTLE WARS.

WE are going to war with Persia about Herat. An expedition has been fitted out at Bombay, the object of which is said to be a demonstration in the Persian Gulf. It is stated that the island of Karrack is to be taken—that Bushire is to be occupied—and, after these littoral operations, we do not know "what next."

The announcement of this expedition has taken more people by surprise than it ought to have done. So far back as the 21st of July, the President of the India Board declared, "from his place in Parliament," that the conduct of Persia had compelled the Government of Great Britain to resort to coercive measures. But it is too much to expect the English public to study closely a speech on the Indian Budget. What is beyond the endurance of our representatives overnight, is well-nigh certain to be skipped by the represented the next morning. Accordingly, when Mr. Vernon Smith announced, in substance, that we were going to war with Persia, the statement passed unchallenged and unnoticed, just as though it had been something about a ryot, a zemindar, or a "ferocious dooly." But now that intelligence has come from Bombay to the effect that an expedition has actually been fitted out, and that, at the date of the last advices, it was only waiting instructions from England to steer at once for the Persian Gulf, we have begun to understand the importance of Mr. Vernon Smith's disregarded announcement, and to inquire what madness has impelled Ministers—or, as some ignorantly ask, the East India Company—to plunge into so great a calamity as another Central-Asian war. Have we in no way profited by the past? Did we not expend blood and treasure enough in Afghanistan in the course of the last disastrous and disgraceful war?

Nothing is more natural than that there should be an exceedingly ill odour about the very name of an Afghan war. Still, although we spent, between the years 1838 and 1842, some fifteen millions of money and some fifteen thousand lives, in a vain attempt to secure the integrity of Herat by consolidating the Afghan empire under a restored Suddozye dynasty, that struggle has not been without its uses. It has brushed away some mischievous errors. We may attempt again to keep the Persians out of Herat, but we shall never again play the part of political *chiffonniers*, and hunt among the dust and ashes of Loodhianah for a pensioned prince to "restore to the throne of his ancestors." We have still some pensioned Suddozye princes—small creatures, enjoying small stipends—held in no account by their paymasters, and continually quarrelling among themselves. But we should as soon think of picking up a stray Bourbon, and setting him on the throne of France, as of carrying one of these Shahzadabs, at the point of our bayonets, to Cabul or Candahar. We have learnt at least the wisdom of recognising the *de facto* rulers of the country, and leaving the Afghans to choose for themselves. Come what may, we shall never try our hands at king-making in Afghanistan again—that great cardinal error will not be committed anew. The last war was both a blunder and a crime—not because we made a great effort to keep the Persians out of Herat, but because we plunged into the defiles of Central Asia after the siege of Herat had been raised, only to outrage the nationality of the Afghans. There were two means of erecting a barrier against Russo-Persian aggression, and we chose the more foolish and wicked of the two.

It was a "grievous fault," and "grievously answered." But out of that nettle, danger, we plucked the rose of safety. We know something now both of Afghanistan and the Afghans. It has cost us much; but experience is ever a high-priced article, and to be valued in proportion to its cost. The Persians are again at the gates, if not within the walls, of Herat; but although Seinde and the Punjab are now British provinces, and we have a frontier post at Peshawur, we do not hear that a single battalion of British troops is to march upon Candahar or Cabul. Our military movements are confined to a demonstration in the Persian Gulf. Before we can do more than conjecture what diplomacy may be doing in other directions, we must wait, in all probability, until Parliament assembles, and until a blue-book is called for.

It is easier in such cases to say what ought to be done than to surmise what is likely to be done. The eccentricities of states-



men baffle all attempts to fathom them. As a general rule, if one would gain credit for political vaticination, it is the safest course to make up one's mind what ought *not* to be done, and to predict that it *will* be done. Considering at how very small a cost, some eighteen or twenty years ago, we might have secured the good offices of Dost Mahomed Khan—then and now the Ameer of Cabul—and bearing in mind how little the advice of such men as Sir Henry Ellis and Sir John McNeill was heeded, we can hardly venture to hope that the very obvious policy of supporting that chief with everything but troops will be resorted to at the present juncture. In 1837, Dost Mahomed wanted only money and arms to keep the Persians out of Herat. He wants money and arms now. Let him have them. He is heart and soul in the cause—he will strike vigorously when he has the means. We need have no fear that he will not make good use of them. He has always been eager to arrest the advance of the Persians. When, twenty years ago, the Candahar Sirdars were willing to throw themselves into the arms of Mahomed Shah, he rebuked their want of loyalty and wisdom. Sir John McNeill then thought that we might best secure in Afghanistan the bulwark of a strong and friendly Power, by placing Candahar and Herat under the government of Dost Mahomed. We have a much better reason now for such a course of policy than we had when the Heratees were vigorously defending their city, but we would abstain from all interference beyond that of which we have spoken. A few lacs of rupees, and a few thousand stand of arms, will enable the Cabul Ameer to operate effectually to the westward. If he retain permanent possession of Candahar, so much the better; but he must not be suffered to extract from us any guarantee upon this score as the price of his alliance. It is more to his advantage than to ours to keep the Persians out of Herat, and he will, therefore, have no just cause of complaint if we are not disposed to interfere in the internal affairs of Afghanistan; whilst it is manifestly advantageous to us to encumber ourselves as little as possible with promises and pledges, which might lead to embarrassments worse than those which they were designed to avert.

If this moderate and safe course of policy is pursued, we have no fear for the result. Of the justice of striking a blow at Persia, no reasonable doubt can be entertained by any one who is tolerably acquainted with the recent conduct of that dishonest State. We do not lay any stress on the "Mrs. Hashim" affair. Doubtless, something may be said on both sides of that question. But the whole bearing of the Persian Court has been, for some time past, disrespectful, if not insolent, and its conduct has been practically hostile. It has made overtures, offensive to Great Britain, to other European States; and it has sedulously endeavoured to foment bitterness against us among the rude Mahomedans of Central Asia, by representing us as the enemies of their national faith. Even our alliance with Turkey has been turned against us, and occasion has been sought to declare the Sultan's recent Firman, and the religious liberty which it grants to his subjects, to be the growth of his dangerous connexion with the infidels of Great Britain. But the substantive cause of the present movement is the direct infraction of an engagement entered into by Persia with the British Government in 1853—an engagement not to violate the independence of Herat. This Persia has now done; and she has refused, upon remonstrance, to withdraw her troops from the Afghan frontier. All the answer she is disposed to return is that, if the English will compel or induce Dost Mahomed to retire from Candahar, Persia will withdraw from Herat. Of course, we can give no such guarantee. So the Persians continue to beleaguer, if not to occupy, Herat; and an expedition is waiting orders at Bombay, to sail for the Persian Gulf.

We do not disguise that this is a great misfortune, but we do not see how it could be averted. Even on the limited scale on which it is proposed to conduct these operations, it is certain that they will cost a large sum of money—a sum which India, at the present time, cannot well afford to pay. Of course, India will be compelled to pay it; but it should be understood that wars of this description are not made by the East India Company in Leadenhall-street, or by the servants of the Company at Calcutta. They originate in Cannon-row or in Downing-street. The Directors of the East India Company, as a body, knew nothing about the first war in Afghanistan until it was made; and we may safely predict that they will know nothing about the present until the subject is freely ventilated by the publication of a Parliamentary Blue Book. Of course we except the members—three in number—of what is called the Secret Committee, who sign ministerially the mandates of the Board of Control. Meanwhile, if any odium attach to the war, the Company will be condemned to bear it; and whatever the cost may be, the Company will be called upon to pay it. And then, with the usual justice which pursues that governing body, it will be declared that the authorities of Leadenhall-street squander their finances upon unjust wars, instead of spending them upon great reproductive works.

#### MR. MACAULAY ON SCOTLAND.

THERE is something about Scotchmen which to Englishmen is quite incomprehensible. In spite of all their successes abroad, in spite of the thousand proofs they have given of large capacity and of a power to enrich themselves and to govern

others, the Scotch at home are completely provincial. They take offence, and gloat over their petty injuries, and trumpet each other's praises, and show as thin a skin to the attacks of honest criticism as if they belonged to a new tenth-rate colony, instead of sharing all the honours, and possessing at least a fair proportion of the wealth, of the greatest empire on the globe. When they get away from Scotland, they show themselves equal to any fortune. They give us Prime Ministers, Bishops of London, Secretaries-at-War, Governors of Canada and India—they clothe their naked hills, and drain their barren moors with funds drawn from every country under heaven; they make themselves at home wherever they go, and have constitution, pluck, and energy enough for anything. A Scotchman has made an excellent Grand Vizier. A Scotch financier persuaded half Europe to invest in the imaginary wealth of the Mississippi. A Scotch officer is said to have suggested to the Czars the earliest plan of Russian aggrandizement. They can act and think on a large scale. When Scotchmen come to England—as those who have mixed with them at the Universities can testify—they are distinguished by a geniality, a breadth of humour, and a warmth of affection rarely found in English society. But when they get all together, on the other side of the Tweed, their narrow provincialism breaks out in a most surprising way. They hold long twaddling meetings about the restoration of the Scotch lion—they puff up Sir Archibald Alison and Mr. Aytoun—they tell us that North's Shepherd is as good as Falstaff—they are indignant if a Scotch Judge in our dependencies is not replaced by a Scotchman. Of course there are thousands of Scotchmen who are above all this, and despise it as heartily as an Englishman could do. But the few do not control the many. It is the very essence of provincialism that the smaller and more vulgar minds should think it worth while to be continually repeating that their province is the very finest and grandest province possible.

What human being but a stay-at-home Scotchman could have conceived and written bulky pamphlets to establish the extraordinary notion that Mr. Macaulay has, in his *History*, done wilful injustice to Scotland? The authors of these pamphlets would have thrown them into the fire if they could have comprehended the perfect indifference with which a man accustomed to the great world of London, familiar with every kind of literature, and fond of brilliant writing, regards any particular place which happens to be the subject of his epigrams. A cause or a party awakens prejudices, the misapprehension of uncongenial characters produces errors, and injustice is done by want of sympathy or want of knowledge; but a writer like Mr. Macaulay is under no more temptation to speak unfairly of Inverness than of York, nor more likely to run down the inhabitants of Perthshire than those of Cheshire. The fact is, the Scotch critics think that a Scotchman is on all occasions bound to speak well of Scotland. In a private circle of compatriots, it would be all very well to say that the Highlanders used to steal cattle, and long for a pennyworth of sulphur; but before Englishmen, and in a printed book, a Scotchman ought to represent the clans as willing to live on air rather than rob their neighbours, and as rejoicing in a remarkably clear and sound skin. A series of articles on the subject of Mr. Macaulay's delinquencies lately appeared in the *Witness*, a paper published in Edinburgh. The writer began by tracing that distinguished author's genealogy. His ancestors lived in the Highlands. They must therefore have fed on the food he describes in his celebrated account of the mountaineers in the days of William of Orange. The very hand, then, as the critic pathetically exclaims, which drew the picture, must owe something to the cakes of cow's blood and the despoiled grain on which his maligned forefathers are represented as regaling themselves. Mr. Macaulay is thus writing, in the most literal sense of the words, against his own flesh and blood, and what crime can be more heinous? It is pleasant to think that in return something can be said against his immediate progenitors, and that Scotch patriotism can revenge itself by proving that he comes of a bad stock. No particular reasons are given to establish the resemblance, but we are told that in "his grandfather, John, we shall not fail to discover a likeness to the future orator, somewhat heady, cold-blooded, and dubiously heretical; while in the dogmatical Kenneth we shall discern some prognostics of the literary tastes and stiff-necked liberalism of his grand-nephew."

The particular instances adduced of the manner in which Mr. Macaulay has gratified "his singular pettish spleen against our country," are either very trivial or are mere misconceptions of his meaning. Among the latter, is one so glaring that we can scarcely believe it to be given in ignorance. Mr. Macaulay, as every one will remember, throws the substance of the innumerable party writings which he has perused into the form of arguments put into the mouths of representatives of each party described. The Tory and his arguments are balanced against the Whig and his arguments—the High Churchman is played off against the Latitudinarian. This is an obvious rhetorical device, intended to show what great bodies of men had to say for themselves on the points which divided them from their neighbours, and we should have thought that no one could have dreamt that the author really held the opinions he assigns to his imaginary disputants. As, indeed, each set of opinions stands within two or three pages of a set directly opposite, Mr. Macaulay's mind must, on such a supposition, be the most incoherent out of Bedlam. But out of all the different classes of opinion represented, the writer

in the *Witness* believes, or professes to believe, that Mr. Macaulay is really to be identified with the High Church rhetorician. The feelings with which the imaginary High Churchman regards the Puritans, and the attacks he makes on the Presbyterians, are taken as feelings which Mr. Macaulay himself entertains, and as attacks which he himself would make. Of all the critical delusions we have ever heard of, this strikes us as the most wonderful—that Mr. Macaulay should be set down as a High Churchman. We should hardly think a man in his sober senses who should pronounce Lord John Russell a hardened old Tory, or Mr. Spooner an ultramontane Papist. But even he would seem sane and sensible by the side of one who says of Mr. Macaulay that “he is a High Church bigot, so tenaciously adhering to the formularies of the English Church that he would not touch a pane of painted glass, nor drop a single syllable from the Koran of the liturgy, though it were to comprehend the whole non-conformists of England.”

A writer in the September number of *Blackwood's Magazine* takes up the same theme, and dilates on the wrongs which Scotland has received from Mr. Macaulay's *History*. “The biggest personage assailed by Mr. Macaulay is, without doubt, our own ‘respected mither,’ Scotland.” This critic, however, forbears to reproach Mr. Macaulay with treason against his country, further than by saying that he will not reproach him. “Our historian is unquestionably ‘an ill bird;’ but holding that he has forfeited all claims to the nest thus defiled, we prefer cutting off Mr. Macaulay from our national charities, to throwing once again his name and descent in his teeth.” We can imagine that Mr. Macaulay will receive with calmness the tidings of his exclusion from the charities of *Blackwood*. The critic, however, intends to be dispassionate, and tells us that he proposes to consider Scotland, not as “the probable grandmother of an undutiful Macaulay,” but “as a country rich in all the greatest gifts of nature.” Among these greatest gifts is a wild and magnificent scenery; and the critic's principal complaint against “the ill bird” is, that he has ventured to adopt as his authority the narrative of a Captain Burt, who owned that he preferred Richmond Hill to Ben Nevis, which, he observed, seemed a mis-shapen mass of gloomy brown and dingy purple. “Are we,” says the indignant critic, “to believe Captain Burt about the men, because he has borne such unimpeachable testimony about the mountains?” Captain Burt professed to speak of minute facts which came under his own observation. He says that he saw Highlanders with their faces smeared with tar, with dirty plaids, and feeding on cakes of blood drawn from the living cow. But the critic has a fine taste for mountain scenery. He is sure that if he had been there, and had really seen these dirty Highlanders, he should also have seen the beauty of the mountains. Captain Burt did not see the beauty of the mountains—therefore he did not see the dirty Highlanders. Such is the argument. “The probable grandmother of an undutiful Macaulay,” seems to be richer in scenery and in admirers than in logicians.

In dwelling on another instance of Mr. Macaulay's perversity, the critic throws out a remarkable challenge. He offers, under given circumstances, to drown himself rather than say “God save the Queen.” Mr. Macaulay tells in his *History* the well-known story of Margaret Wilson, who, in a time of religious persecution, was tied to a stake, and left a victim to the incoming tide of the Solway. She might have saved her life if she would have cried, “God save the King;” but, as Mr. Macaulay expresses it, “the poor girl, true to her stern theology, gasped out, ‘May God save him, if it be God's will.’” These are evidently the words of a person imbued with the language of Calvinistic theology. The saving of the King meant, to her mind, the King's future salvation, and his final destiny was already fixed by the will of God. She could only pray that he might be saved, if it was to be so. But the critic feels that, somehow or other, the Presbyterian creed is attacked by Mr. Macaulay. He does not make it obvious in what the attack consists, but he is prepared personally to come forward at all hazards in behalf of the established religion of his “respected mither.” “We are not a martyr,” he says, ingenuously, “but we are a Presbyterian.” “We protest that if ourselves were called upon to acknowledge even the well-beloved liege lady of these realms as Head of the Church and mistress of our conscience, we could find it in our heart to dare a Solway rather than cry ‘God save the Queen.’” This is a spirited resolution, though in these times not a very dangerous one; but as an argument against, or a retort upon, Mr. Macaulay, it wants cogency. The historian says, the form of the martyr's refusal shows she was a Calvinist. The critic replies, “On the contrary, I would myself refuse.” Patriotism apart, the undutiful Macaulay seems to us to have manifestly the best of it.

There are many points in Mr. Macaulay's account of Scotland to which a critic, allowing the admirable truth and vigour of the general description, might take exception. But none of them are of such a kind as to owe their disputable character to the fact that Scotland happens to be the subject spoken of. For instance, we think that Mr. Macaulay's account of the indifference to the charms of scenery displayed by Captain Burt and his contemporaries may be reasonably called in question. He attributes it to the dangers then attending mountain expeditions. We might perhaps think other reasons more satisfactory; but it is evident that, whether he is right or wrong, he would—and indeed does—give the same account of the indifference then

felt for Swiss scenery that he gives of the indifference felt for Scotch scenery. So too, in the case of Aikenhead—a poor lad who, in spite of his express and solemn retraction, was put to death at the instigation of the Presbyterian clergy, for the use of words construed by a jury to be blasphemous—we may think that Mr. Macaulay, as usual, unreasonably expects to find the same virtues of tolerance and humanity in a Scotch Presbyterian minister of the seventeenth century which he knows to reside in the breast of an enlightened and comfortable London Whig of the nineteenth century. But we know that he applies this canon to the actions, not only of Scotch bigots, but of the bigots of every age and country. The writer in the *Witness*, however, thinks that Mr. Macaulay ought to have seen and said that the Scotch Presbyterians were not then intolerant, and that they ought, for the sake of the “respected mither,” to be described as we should describe the best men of the present day. We are glad to find that this last attack has provoked a reply from another Scotchman, and that an able pamphlet by Mr. Gordon has at least settled the question of fact as to the conduct of the clergy on the occasion referred to. Gradually we may hope that the better and more educated portion of Scotch society may assert itself more strongly than at present, and put down, by the force of general contempt, the absurdities and prejudices of their more narrow-minded countrymen. Great as it is, and bad as it is, Scotch provincialism is, we believe, less perverse and narrow-minded than it was. Lord Cockburn's *Memoirs* show us the vast improvement which has taken place within the last fifty years. When another half-century has elapsed, Scotchmen will perhaps have learnt to believe that a Scotch historian of England can write of his native country with impartiality, and will be content that the two portions of Great Britain should be spoken of with the same truth and the same freedom.

#### “BOLD AND COMPREHENSIVE.”

THREE weeks ago, we asked the simple question, “Shall we save London?” As yet, no direct official reply has been rendered. Still, symptoms that the future of the Public Offices is not a *fait accompli* are numerous and clear. Not to mention quarters where our views have been bodily adopted without acknowledgment, that special journal which is supposed to speak the mind of the Public Works, after the ambiguous compliment that our plan is “bold and comprehensive with a vengeance,” very fairly confesses that if the money can be forthcoming, our proposition is “perhaps the best that could be adopted;” and the writer concludes with advising the Government at all events not to fall short, as it seems too well inclined, of the large-mindedness of the Commons' Committee. Nevertheless the ill-starred instructions to architects are not recalled. The red line upon the plan still indicates the space within which the principal Government Offices are to be “concentrated;” and the “Government have determined”—in print—“that Buildings for the Departments of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the Secretary of State for War, shall be erected upon the part of the site tinted Yellow on the Plan.” This mystic yellow stain indicates the mass of buildings bounded to the north by Downing-street and to the south by Great George-street, and abutting to the west upon St. James's Park; while the red line actually carries us into the existing bed of the Thames. Thus the result of the Governmental “determination” would be that the extension of the Park down to the river would become almost impossible, and the throwing the Palace of Westminster and the Abbey into that Park perfectly so. In compensation, we are to have 96,000 feet of accommodation distributed over buildings comprehending merely basement, ground, first and second floors—i. e., only three floors above the ground, without so much as a minimum of height prescribed, or a single tower, lofty roof, or cupola to break the straggling insignificance. When we last discussed the subject, we insisted upon the superior grandeur of an elevation transcending that Procrustean measure of three stories with which generations of building speculators have cursed London, imposing it on private houses (though there with attics), and insinuating it into public buildings. We pointed out the constructional economy of an edifice compactly massed. We might also have expatiated upon the continual domestic saving ensured by that reduced staff of housekeepers, housemaids, porters, &c., which our proposal would render possible, and which would represent a capital sum no way contemptible. In fact, the authoritative scheme, from first to last, is “base and mechanical.” It breathes the surveyor's office—not the architect's studio. It is drawn up, we do not doubt, with the most honourable intentions as regards the public service; but these attentions emanate from an ineligible suitor. That the matter will stand where it is, we do not for a moment believe, but we are not the more willing on that account to let it go on under the mask of a definite arrangement. It is cruel play, where the counters are the brains and the hours of men whose hours and brains are the bread and the raiment of selves and families. Every day that the proposals remain unrecalled represents the lost time of an indefinite number of architects. If the matter is allowed to ripen till the premiums are adjudicated, the nation too will be the loser—not only in actual disbursements, but in the precious months lost to the public service by its being still conducted in ruinous, disjointed, and wholly inappropriate offices. We say again as we have said before—let the Government boldly confess its mistake.



Such a confession, if frankly and at once made, will serve to recover all the forfeited prestige of a great scheme marred in the working.

If further argument were wanted to recommend the plan of carrying the Parks down to the river, and isolating the Public Offices in one lofty palace between the existing garden of St. James's Park and the existing Whitehall, it would be found in the acknowledged necessity of rebuilding Westminster-bridge upon some better site more to the north. Let the strip next the river be laid out as a quayed and terraced garden, and the new bridge will naturally grow out of such a disposition of the ground—it will, without trouble or straining, fall into its own place. But if the ground is frittered away in low, disconnected, rambling buildings, the bridge will most assuredly be found an ugly, unmanageable appendix—an importunate creditor, whose claims to be considered grow with the inability to find the means of contenting him.

Again, another much vexed question of metropolitan improvement may—for on this point we do not wish to speak positively—find its solution in the “bold and comprehensive scheme.” We mean the future of the National Gallery. When the ground is cleared to the south of the Gallery down to the Houses of Parliament, and when the Metropolitan Board of Works (or whatsoever shall take its place) has purified the Thames, who shall venture to say that the air of Trafalgar-square may not be good enough for the pictures? Should this consummation be attained, there can, we should say, be no doubt that the National Collection ought to continue where it is. The Gallery, either rebuilt, or sufficiently enlarged—or, supposing the pictures removed after all, the building, with some fresh destination—would then form the northern boundary of the august space commanded from its portico, and composed of the new Park itself, and the broad expanse of the river, at length made visible, and bounded by the Abbey and the towers of the Houses of Parliament.

Trafalgar-square, now mean and misplaced in its solidarity, would then fall into shape as a portion of a larger whole; while, at the other extremity, the gardens before the Houses of Parliament, and the Abbey churchyard itself—soon, we hope, to be planted so far as the existing graves permit—would, with the purchases which have to be made, supply the complement of ground needful to make the demolition worth its cost. This is a point on which we feel bound to insist, for it meets the possible argument that, after all, we should not be buying so much ground as would repay in use the price paid down. Of course, we hold that, even if the opening were to stop with itself, its advantages would be more than adequate to justify the outlay. But we urge in addition that this courageous razzia would connect together, and so bring *gratuitously* into the future unoccupied area, Trafalgar-square on the one side, and on the other that wide space of garden and churchyard. On the contrary, these existing breathing-places will be completely and irrevocably cut off from each other, and the opportunity of the enlarged Park will be lost for ever, if the Offices are to be dropped down within the red line, and on the yellow patch, of the portentous plans which the Board of Works has scattered broadcast among our architects. Again we ask the question, “Shall we save London?”

#### HOW TO WRITE AN ARTICLE.

MR. MACAULAY describes, with his usual vigour and with more than his usual warmth, the wonderful versatility and beauty of Addison's contributions to the *Spectator*. “On the Monday,” he says, “we have an allegory as lively and ingenious as Lucian's *Auction of Lives*; on the Tuesday, an Eastern apologue as richly coloured as the tales of Scherezade; on the Wednesday, a character described with the skill of La Bruyère; on the Thursday, a scene from common life equal to the best chapters in the *Vicar of Wakefield*; on the Friday, some sly Horatian pleasantry on fashionable follies, on hoops, patches, or puppet-shows; and on the Saturday, a religious meditation, which will bear a comparison with the finest passages in Massillon.” The periodical publications of the present day afford at least an equally singular phenomenon. Certainly we cannot boast of a whole paradise of Addisons; but in all the enormous mass of our daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly newspapers, magazines, and reviews, there is hardly one which does not leave on the mind, at any rate of an unsophisticated reader, a curious impression of smartness and talent. At first sight, and at a little distance, the Brummagem goods have a wonderful resemblance to the real works of art. As there are in a theatre a certain set of conventional arrangements by means of which the requisite effect is produced upon the audience—as the stage slopes upwards from the pit, and the footlights throw the light on the actors who walk round in a circle, with their hands on the inside hip and their heads turned over the outside shoulder, in order to give additional effect to a virtuous sentiment or to an emphatic pause—so there are certain conventional arrangements in the literary world, by the proper use of which almost anything may be turned into a striking and pointed remark. Some of these artifices are worth attention. If we were to give advice to a gentleman intending to enter upon the profession of periodical literature, and anxious to obtain eminence, or, at any rate, employment, in it, with prudent economy of the energies

and the mind, our counsel would take something of the following shape.

The different devices by which you may write an article with comfort to yourself, will of course depend almost entirely upon the particular line of business in which you may start. If you should be so fortunate as to form a connexion with the *Times*, you must study the peculiar contrivances for the economy of labour adopted by that paper, and be very careful not to resort to expedients better suited for less important journals. You must not expect to be entrusted at first with important subjects, but must prepare yourself to handle occasional topics, such as frightful atrocities, or American duels, or second-rate Blue-books. The difficulty which you will have to overcome in these cases is that there is generally nothing to say about them. It shows a very bad state of things when twenty or thirty people spend the night in fighting duels in a railway train. It is very wrong to commit murder. It would be a very good thing to have more roads from St. Paul's to Westminster. But how is a man to make such sentiments fill a column and a quarter? The best plan is not to come to the point too soon. From a third to a half of the article should be preface, the character of which will differ according to the subject. You have, for example, to call attention to an excellent letter which appears in another part of our impression of to-day, upon the Border Ruffians of Kansas. The essential part of your duty is to skim the cream of some three columns of small print; but that will only give you two or three paragraphs at most, and unless it is served up with a certain quantity of original matter, there is a disagreeable air of *rechauffé* about the whole. Now, if you say simply, “Just see what a set of brutes these fellows are,” you exhaust the subject at once; but if you take an analytical view of it, you may display almost any amount of knowledge and fine writing. For example, the Border Ruffians were in a great rage. Various other people have been occasionally enraged. Count up all the different kinds of rage, and conclude by saying that the rage of the Border Ruffians is worse than all of them put together. It will heighten the effect if you contrast the different kinds of rages pretty sharply. Thus you might say—“We have heard of the rage of the Berserkers, amongst the Danes; we have heard of Mr. Pendenis ‘cussing and damning upstairs and downstairs’; we have heard of the rage of Satan when Dunstan caught him with the red-hot tongs; we have heard of the rage of a railway passenger waked by the guard's treading on his gouty toe and asking for his ticket; we have heard of St. Augustine's anger against Pelagius, and of Mr. Chowler's fury against Sir Robert Peel, and of the feelings of the shareholders of the Eastern Counties Railway, and of the sentiments of a Red Indian who has lost all his squaws and part of his scalp. But never did we realize the full extent of the passion of which human nature is capable, till we read the very remarkable letter about the Border Ruffians of Kansas which appears in another part of our columns, and to which we refer our readers for further information.” If your subject is one of a tamer character—let us say the report of a Commission for examining into the Ecclesiastical Courts—you must begin even further off the main subject. “When Nabuchodonosor, King of Assyria, was on his deathbed”—or “It is Herodian, if we are not mistaken, to whom we owe the ingenious apologue of the man who wished that the black-pudding might stick to his wife's nose”—or some other sentence, as the American poet says, “combining moral truth with phrases such as strikes”—will do for a beginning; and you may be pretty sure that, sooner or later, you can work it round to the matter in hand. Thus, how would Nabuchodonosor's feelings have been embittered in his last moments if he had had ecclesiastical courts in all the provinces of his empire, and had known that his executors would have to prove his will in each of them! And how obvious it is to say, that if the black-pudding story had been suggested to Lord Bacon when he was writing on the wisdom of the ancients, he would have seen that it was emblematical of the engrafting of the cumbrous ecclesiastical machinery upon a system with which it had no natural connexion.

But you will in all probability have to content yourself with something far beneath the *Times*. Perhaps the *Standard* or *Morning Herald* may be in want of a contributor. If so, you will still have to accommodate yourself to the *genius loci*. Prefaces would probably be unsuitable under the circumstances. *Ars longa, vita brevis*, must be your motto. You have a great deal of pain to give, and a prodigiously strong impression to create, and much room to do it in. You must diffuse what, in the *Times*, would have been a preface, over a number of parentheses; and you may do a good deal by printing every four lines in a separate paragraph, and by a proper use of italics and small capitals. Thus, Mr. Gladstone has made a speech. You may treat him thus:—

“Mr. Gladstone has made another speech. It is because he has got nothing better to do, and is out of place. He used to make speeches at the Union at Oxford (which is now a semi-Popish assembly), where he got a degree by his improper familiarity with the indecent heathenism of Plato.

“He was a friend of the traitor Peel, who made speeches too, and we all know what happened to him. Not that we wish to be presumptuous in judging our neighbours, because that is wrong; but we cannot help saying that what is a mercy to some may be a judgment on others, and as the great and good King William fell from his horse for his own good, so, &c. &c.” This would

lead up to the Revolution of 1688, which would give an opportunity of calling Mr. Macaulay a "flashy so-called historian," comparing the English and French Revolutions, and making many other interesting and original remarks.

Half a loaf is better than no bread, and you may have to go to the *Morning Advertiser*. Under such circumstances, your task will be a good deal lighter. There is a proverb well known amongst schoolboys, which in that event you would do well to remember: "When you tell a lie, tell a good one." You may lead off, for example, in the following startling manner, with good effect:—"At the approaching sessions of the Old Bailey, bills will be sent before the Grand Jury, charging Palmerston and other members of the Government with high treason. It is all very well for an effete aristocracy to sneer at this, but we know what we say, and why we say it. We did not sit up with three of the most eminent Old Bailey attorneys till the small hours this morning for nothing. P.'s sentence will probably be commuted to penal servitude. We suppose they won't put him to hard labour at his time of life; but won't the hearts of loyal Britons swell within them to see him darning old stockings, and making out the other convicts' washing-bills, in a grey jacket with a yellow badge on his arm, and a pair of baggy breeches! Look out, George Grey! It may be your turn next. We know where you were Wednesday last, when your flunkey told our man you'd gone to chapel. Did not we see a well-known Russian spy changing roubles for sovereigns at a money-changer's in Threadneedle-street? Men of England! think of this."

You will remember that, though the vocation of this paper is distinctly secular, it has also its religious side; but if you practise the style of writing which we have indicated upon political subjects, you will soon be able, though it may at first be a little difficult, to write with sufficient vigour and warmth for the theological department.

Perhaps your tastes may lead you to prefer literature to politics. If so, the field is a wide one, and you will occasionally write magazine articles, besides contributing to newspaper criticisms. In magazine articles, one of the great points to be attended to is the sauce with which your dish is seasoned. Some of these sauces are so well known that a quantity may be made at a time, to be used as it is wanted. Suppose, for example, you should want to write in *Blackwood*. You must begin by getting up your Scotch, which you may easily do from the Waverley novels. It does not much matter what the subject is—half a page of Scotch to begin with, and half a page to end with, is always welcome. Suppose you want to write about colonization. You must put at the head of the article two such words as Tinkler and Triptolemus, printed in capitals, and prefix them, or abbreviations of them, to alternate sentences, thus:—

"TINKLER. Hech, sirs, it's a cauld nicht. TRIPT. Ou, it's an awsome nicht; the thermometer stan's at 26°, and ye ken the freezing-point's thirty-twa. TINKLER. Mix yoursel' a noggin' o' whusky, lad, and tell us your mind on the subject o' cawlinecession." And then you may go on in your natural style; but you had better be a little Scotch, if you mean to be witty. It is worth remembering that you must always contrast theory and practice to the disadvantage of theory, when you write in *Blackwood*. It is a topic which does to end with.

Perhaps milk-and-water is more to your taste than whiskey-and-water. If so, you will find a large market for your wares in London. A man writes a History of the Revolution of 1848, which is simply an impertinence from end to end—a mere mass of silly, commonplace, gratuitous assertions, and babyish wit, grounded on a blind admiration of everything English, and an equally blind contempt for everything foreign, unless it happens for the moment to be successful and popular. You may review it somewhat as follows:—

"This is a very useful and unpretending contribution to literature. It is full of that practical good sense which is level to the comprehension of practical men; if it has a fault, it perhaps consists in a rather exaggerated, though honest, prejudice in favour of English customs and principles. The writer's views are, however, abundantly confirmed by the result. All the principles which he admires so warmly, and advocates so well, have triumphed, in spite of the shallow theorists who condemned them. The author has judiciously abstained from encumbering his pages by reference to authorities; and, indeed, his statements are of such an indisputable nature as to render them, in a great measure, superfluous. He is possessed of a very lively wit. We were particularly pleased by his comparison of Athens to the wick of a candle, because it is surrounded by Greece (*grease*), and by his remark that the conduct of two noble lords in a celebrated political conjuncture resembled a conversation which he himself overheard in the West Indies, where a negro excused his idleness by saying that he had been helping his fellow-slave, who, upon inquiry, was said to have been doing nothing!" To this amount of original matter you may add perhaps a column and a half of extracts.

The Comic papers afford a fine field, if your genius lies in that direction, and they have the great advantage of giving writers very little trouble; for the saving of thought and time which may be effected in this department, by a good knowledge of the working rules of the business, is almost incredible. There are a certain set of doctrines which a Comic paper holds about the different members of the Government. One of them makes bad puns, another is deadly lively, a third is stupid, a fourth insigni-

ficant; and by bringing in each man in his character, you may always knock up a lively article on the dullest subject. Something has gone wrong at the War Office. Head your column "Carrying on the War;" then, in italics—[Scene, Downing-street.—Pam picking his teeth before the fire—enter Bernal Osborne, smoking, with his hat one side.]

"BERN. OSB.—How do, Pam? Cold day.

"PAM.—I believe you, my boy. You've made a mess of that business about the 86th, Bernal.

"BERN. OSB.—It was all the fault of that psalm-singing ass, George Grey. He's as little good as Cranny himself.

"PAM.—Aye, the Grey mare's not always the better horse," &c. &c.

It is not everybody who has enough vivacity and knowledge of high life for this kind of thing. You may be reduced to *Punch*. The practice here is very simple. Virtuous indignation, spiced with puns, will almost always make an article—three growls and a jingle is the short rule for their manufacture. You are to be funny about the Coronation at Moscow, and have been furnished with an illustrated initial W to begin with. It represents a Russian executioner, leaning back one way, applying a knout shaped like an inverted V to the back of a woman leaning the other way. You must therefore begin with "Well," or some other interjection, and then go on thus:—"The fellow who succeeded Nicholas has been crowned at Moscow. Ah! Britain's aristocracy dutifully dances before the Russian bear. Perhaps they do it all the better by thinking how he made the Polish nuns dance. Verily, great is the virtue of a crown. How much better it is than a mere vulgar five-shilling piece! Alexander, look you, shall bid you fair lady to his feast, and she shall cringe before the fellow, and worship his jewels and his knouts, and—" The only difficulty about this kind of thing is to know how to stop. You will find this style useful also in writing for *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, so that it is well worth cultivating.

If you attend faithfully to these instructions, and enter into the spirit of them, you can hardly fail to secure, sooner or later, a permanent footing in the profession which you have chosen.

## REVIEWS.

### REVELATIONS OF PRISON LIFE.\*

IT was the curious lot of Captain Chesterton to pass somewhat abruptly from a course of life full of strange adventure, to a station affording a singularly good opportunity for observing the adventures of others. A man cannot have been for twenty-five years Governor of the greatest prison in London, and have had under his care 230,000 criminals, without making many valuable observations upon their characteristics, and constructing a certain number of theories about their treatment. With Captain Chesterton's theories we shall not trouble our readers, for we have lately heard rather more than enough about "Prison Discipline," and the questions relating to it. It may, however, be useful, as it will certainly be interesting, to hear what a man who has seen so much of criminals has to say about them.

When Captain Chesterton was appointed to his office, in 1829, prison reforming had not become a profession. All sorts of malpractices went on in gaols, and they were far from being unpleasant places for professional rogues. The prisoners and the turnkeys were on capital terms, and there was a constant friendly interchange between them of bribes and favours. Hiding-places were contrived, which contained wine, spirits, tobacco, and even pickles, preserves, and fish sauce; and the means of purchasing these and similar contraband luxuries, were supplied with extraordinary liberality by the friends of the prisoners on the outside. Indeed, their extreme compassion and sympathy for their connexions constantly astonished Captain Chesterton. The turnkeys made an immense profit out of the good feelings of the prisoners' friends. They charged eight or nine shillings on every sovereign, and from a shilling to eighteenpence on every letter, which they transmitted. One of them computed his income from sources of this kind at twenty-five shillings a day. Over each yard of prisoners there was a kind of petty officer—himself a prisoner—called a yardsman. One of these men was a curious specimen of the higher class of criminals. He was a bold, noisy fellow, who had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for fraud, and had a certain amount both of ability and education. He prided himself on his superiority over his companions, because he had been sentenced at the Court of King's Bench instead of the Old Bailey, and gained an influence over them which Captain Chesterton could not overcome, by haranguing them on "their common-law rights." On quitting the prison, he threatened the Governor, who had turned him out of his office of yardsman, with all sorts of legal proceedings.

Against the various villainies of such a system Captain Chesterton seems to have struggled with considerable success; and by discharging the old set of turnkeys, and introducing a new system, the prison was made a less comfortable place of abode.

\* *Revelations of Prison Life, with an Inquiry into Prison Discipline and Secondary Punishments.* By George Laval Chesterton, twenty-five years Governor of the House of Correction at Coldbath-fields. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.



A considerable part of the book is occupied by a detailed account of the steps by which this desirable result was attained; but the most interesting part of it consists of anecdotes illustrating the character of the prisoners. One of the most remarkable features of that character is the love of a thorough-bred criminal for his profession—a circumstance which we particularly recommend to the notice of prison reformers. Captain Chesterton used to make the round of the prison, and listen to the conversations carried on in the cells. One man was overheard professing his intention to take the earliest opportunity of committing a crime of a very horrible nature—declaring, with many oaths, that he was determined to try every species of wickedness open to him. Another exclaimed, "Lord, how I do love thieving—if I had thousands, I'd still be a thief!" One of the most frightful illustrations of this passion which can be conceived occurred in the case of a man who died of the cholera. He was in a state of collapse, and was raised into momentary excitement by the injection of a saline fluid into the veins. Starting from the prostrate condition in which he had been lying, he imagined himself engaged in a burglary, and passed his last moments in going through the scene with intense interest, naming his associates, and talking in thieves' slang, of the police, the dark-lantern, and the crowbar. The language peculiar to professional criminals is one of their most singular characteristics; and "a literal report of it would," says Captain Chesterton, with a curious euphemism, "absolutely create a sensation in every decent circle." It is wicked and loathsome to a degree which is almost incredible. The most blasphemous and revolting phrases are stitched together with no regard either to sense or grammar, and in a way which, if it were not for the detestable character of the product, would be ludicrous. "Some studious miscreant," we are told, "appears to have closely analysed and industriously sifted the elements of language, in order to select and embody its most refined abominations. The ordinary conversation of such outcasts is . . . so wickedly ingenious as to constitute a startling science." To prisoners who had formerly lived in good society, this circumstance is a terrible aggravation of their punishment; but even men of the best education sink in time to the level of the rest. The famous Parisian thief-taker, Vidocq, tells a story of a bishop who was sent to the galleys during the Revolution. He was at first horror-struck at the language which he heard, but adopted it himself before his liberation. Criminals, in fact, form a commonwealth of their own, and are often deeply attached to it; and it would seem that solitary confinement suggested reflections on the pleasures of crime quite as often as on its penalties. There is a sort of pathos about one of the stories which Captain Chesterton gives in proof of this. A young man convicted of uttering bad money, known to his companions as "Jack the Lagger," who had been imprisoned for some months in a separate cell, and was at the time in failing health, wrote a letter to his associates on a leaf of his Prayer Book. It was intercepted, and the tenor of it was regret at his absence from them, and a wish to be remembered amongst them. It concluded thus—"Now I writes this upon my little bed—best of times is bed," and was signed "Poor Jack the Lagger." Another instance of the occasional inefficiency of the same punishment is reported by Captain Chesterton as having occurred in the United States. A man who had passed six years in solitary confinement was suddenly informed of his pardon. He sat down in silence for a few moments, and then asked if he was really free. On being told that he was, he said, "I think, when I arrived here six years ago, I brought twopence with me." It turned out by the register to be true. Upon which the prisoner proceeded, "Would you allow somebody to step out and get me a bit of tobacco?" and, on obtaining it, he began spitting and chewing as if nothing had happened.

It must not, however, be supposed that solitary confinement is not a terrible punishment. When Bishop, who murdered the Italian boy, was remanded, he entered the prison cursing, swearing, and threatening the turnkeys and the governor; but, after fourteen days' solitude, he became quite broken-spirited, "prone to tears, tremulous, and agitated." He was well fed, had good exercise, and books to read during the interval; but his reflections were too much for him. Even the common prison discipline, though anything but severe, often produces the most extraordinary revolts, to which the pleasure of disobedience may, perhaps, contribute as much as disinclination to work. There was no end to the contrivances of the prisoners at Coldbath-fields for the purpose of making themselves really, or apparently ill. The quantity of water allowed had to be limited, because the prisoners purposely drank it in such quantities as to disorder themselves. They would eat soap or lime-white, or contrive to injure themselves at the treadmill or by cutting their arms or legs. One fellow shammed fits to such an extent that he deceived two medical men as to their reality, and persevered in his imposture though he had a blister on his head and right down the spine to its termination. Other prisoners would refuse to eat. One man starved himself for eleven days, only drinking a little water; and a young woman held out for thirteen whole days without even drinking. At the end of this time she asked for her breakfast as if nothing had happened.

One of the most singular things about criminals is, that they are sometimes very devout. Captain Chesterton mentions two instances of this kind. One man was a Roman Catholic, and

had been in St. Bernard's monastery, and, as he said, at La Trappe also. He used to have visits from the Virgin Mary in his cell, and announced his intention of retiring to a Trappist monastery in Yorkshire on his release. He confessed his crimes with great candour, saying, amongst other things, "I have never studied the feelings of others, but have always tried to advance my own gains." His offence was bigamy. Another instance of the same kind occurred in the case of two Jews, man and wife, imprisoned for keeping a house of bad character. The husband had been bully to a gaming-house also. "His prayers, fastings, and ceremonial observances," says his gaoler, "exceeded everything discernible in the numerous Jewish prisoners within my memory."

Of course, out of the 230,000 prisoners whom Captain Chesterton had under his charge at various times, there were specimens of almost all the different classes of what has been cynically called the detected part of society. Of those who were to a certain degree distinguished from the rest by their talents or importance, the swell-mobmen were the most curious. Their booty is at times enormous, as they realize occasionally as much as 20*l.* or 30*l.* a night. "When in town, and at a loss for cash, they make sure of a trifle by attending the theatre, where, in the push in going in or coming out, they are certain of getting a watch or a purse at a comparatively trifling risk." They are said to have most accurate information about the matters which interest them. They know, for example, when dividends are paid, and sums of money drawn from banks. On one occasion, a most gentleman-like man was brought in amongst the other prisoners, and said, with great quietness and propriety, that by a strange mistake, he had been accused of picking the pocket of a gentleman at a bazaar, whereas he was a man of high family and totally innocent. In the course of the day, another equally respectable person, deeply afflicted, made his appearance and confirmed the story of the prisoner, whom he declared to be his son. Captain Chesterton was quite taken in, and recommended him to represent the case to the Secretary of State; but the wretched father declined to do so, saying that "the family name must not be allowed to transpire in connexion with such a stigma," and begging only for the good offices of the Governor for his unfortunate son. The young man served out his six weeks, and departed; but two years afterwards he returned, backed a second time by the same gentleman, with the same story. They were both subsequently arrested a third time, but contrived to be admitted to bail, and to decamp to America. "They were," says Captain Chesterton, "the best dressed and most polished thieves with whom I ever came in contact." Sometimes Captain Chesterton was brought into contact with prisoners who really did belong to the higher classes. He mentions two—one of them the cousin of a duke—who were committed as rogues and vagabonds for several months, for public acts of indecency. Both were received by their wives in the tenderest manner on their liberation. Another young man of some rank was confined at Coldbath-fields for three years, for manslaughter. Whilst a private pupil with a clergyman, he had, in a fit of passion, stabbed his companion. He was not sentenced to hard labour, and passed his time, to a great extent, in turning, and other mechanical occupations, for which he had a great talent. He was an amiable and accomplished person, notwithstanding his passionate temper. The most remarkable of these aristocratic offenders was one Captain H—, who lived in good society, and kept up the appearance of being a man of property, by the simple expedient of cutting out the "tens" and "fives" from Bank of England notes, and inserting "forty" or "fifty" in their places. His arrest was strange enough. A man from whom he had bought a horse with these notes met him two years afterwards in the Lowther-arcade, and chased him all round Trafalgar-square. He was overtaken, sent to Coldbath-fields, and hanged himself in the course of the night, leaving a long letter to his wife, telling her how to dispose of his property. After his death, the police discovered, in a secret part of his portmanteau, a collection of camel-hair pencils, Indian ink, gum, and a quantity of "forties" and "fifties," imitated from the Bank originals. Besides the gentlemen in question, Coldbath-fields prison became the residence of at least one lady—the wife of a baronet—who was imprisoned for two months for circulating, with her own hand, libellous hand-bills about her landlady. She was a disreputable person, and was very unruly in confinement, threatening the Governor with her vengeance. She was afterwards indicted for perjury, and ran away after having been bailed.

Captain Chesterton's book contains abundant evidence of the existence of a class of criminals for whom no secondary punishment appears sufficiently severe—who are irreconcilably at war with society, and who ought, therefore, in our opinion, to be treated simply as public enemies. The man who introduced the system of garotte robberies into this country was a villain of this class. He was a returned convict, and was known in this country as the most merciless robber in the kingdom. He was paraded almost daily, during a large part of his confinement, before police officers who were brought in to look at him; and, on the expiration of his sentence, they dogged his steps, watching him wherever he went, till he committed a robbery in their sight in despair. He was treated in the same way on his second liberation, and fairly driven out of the country. Another villain of the same kind was a ruffian called Goods, who "seemed to regard deadly revenge as a reli-

gious duty." He committed three distinct assaults with intent to murder—the last upon Captain Chesterton himself, at whom he threw a lump of granite which must have killed him if it had struck his head, and which did seriously injure his shoulder and ear. By far the worst criminal mentioned in this book was a man named Hewson. He was strongly suspected of one murder—he probably committed three others upon his own children, born to him under circumstances of guilt too frightful to be mentioned—he treated their wretched mother in a manner more worthy of a devil than a man—and he was finally hanged for murdering one of the warders of the gaol. "It was frightful," says Captain Chesterton, "to witness his demoniacal rage, and to hear his yells of exultation," on being arrested almost immediately after the perpetration of this last crime. His wickedness can only be described by saying that, when his execution was announced to his daughter, it was received by her as good news.

Captain Chesterton's subject is a curious one, though parts of it are revolting enough. His book abounds with remarkable anecdotes of many kinds, but we cannot say much for its literary execution. It would be unfair, however, to consider such a defect a fault in a man whose life has been passed in pursuits calculated rather to furnish the materials than to cultivate the habits of authorship. He has discharged with distinguished honour a most important duty, and has recorded his experiences in a very remarkable book.

#### THE DEVONSHIRE OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.\*

IT is pleasant, as the days of autumn grow shorter and shorter, to turn to books which remind us that there are places where the winter comes later, and the spring returns earlier, than is the case in most parts of Great Britain. Two volumes lie before us—the one telling of the sheltered lanes and sunny seaward slopes of Devonshire, the other calling us to the soft landscapes of Bearn and the bounding line of the Pyrenees. The writer of the first is a lady. Her object is to give a short account of the ferns which are to be "found in Devon, and to describe some of the beauties of the beautiful districts of the West." We think that the authoress of *Ferny Combes* has been more successful in the first than in the second part of her undertaking; and so we propose to confine our notice to what she says of ferns—merely premising that the pictures are tolerably, and only tolerably, drawn, and that the book is portable, and altogether forms a very suitable travelling companion in Devonshire for those who, willing to know about ferns, are as yet unacquainted with them. The style is without merit, and the numerous playful expressions and small incidents are wearisome enough. When will tourists, and more especially lady-tourists, learn that they please their readers best when they say what they have to say shortly and simply, discarding ornament, and abhorring trifling?

The authoress's search for ferns appears to have been, for the most part, confined to North Devon. She enumerates twenty-nine distinct species as having been found by herself within that district. Of several of these there are numerous varieties, many of which she has had the good fortune to meet with. The species are the Hart's-tongue, the Ceterach, the Hard fern, the common Polypody, the Oakfern, the Beechfern, the Prickly shield fern, the Angular prickly shield fern; five *Aspleniums*—viz., *Lanceolatum*, *Adiantum-Nigrum*, *Marinum*, *Trichomanes* and *Ruta-Muraria*; eight *Lastreas*, viz., *Thelypteris*, *Oreopteris*, *Felix-Mas*, *Rigida*, *Cristata*, *Spinulosa*, *Dilatata*, *Foeniceii*; two *Athyriums*, *Felix-femina* and *Rhoetium*; *Allosorus Crispus*, *Cystopteris fragilis*, *Hymenophyllum unilaterale*, True Maiden-hair, *Pteris aquilina*, and *Osmunda regalis*. The Woodsias and the *Polystichum lonchitis* are not found in Devonshire.

Dr. Taylor, the author of the second work of which we propose to speak, is a physician who has been for a long time resident at Pau. Some years ago, he wrote a treatise on the climate and other peculiarities of that place, of which the volume before us is an enlarged edition. It is intended chiefly as a handbook for visitors, and as a guide to persons who may be thinking of passing the winter there. Dr. Taylor divides the climates to which invalids generally resort into three classes—the *exciting*, the *sedative*, and the *relaxing*. As examples of the first class, he instances Nice, Naples, Montpellier, and Florence. Rome and Pau are, he considers, types of the second; and Pisa and Madeira of the third. For many years the coast of Provence enjoyed a most undeserved reputation for the good effects which a residence on it was supposed to produce in cases of consumption. How this very false notion gained ground it is difficult to say; but certain it is, that persons who suffer from complaints of the chest cannot do much worse than go to the south-east of France for the winter. The interior of Provence is detestable at all times, and even the exquisitely beautiful strip of coast between Hyères and Nice is a dangerous residence for patients with weak lungs, unless they can make up their minds never to stir from under cover of the hills which protect the seaboard from the violent winds that sweep over the dusty plains which stretch far away to the north. Even in that case, they are exposed to the Marin. The same remark applies

to both the eastern and western Riviera. Consumption is the scourge of all the sunny shore from Leri to Turbia.

There was a time when physicians who had seen Florence only in spring were accustomed to sentence their patients to a winter sojourn in its icy streets. This delusion has long since passed away, and every one who has at all attended to the subject appears to subscribe to the opinion of Sir James Clark, that there is really "no class of invalids for whom Florence offers a favourable residence." The climate of Naples is an exaggeration of that of Nice. The late autumn and the winter are generally pleasant, but with the month of February the cold winds begin to rush down from the Apennines over the heated Terra di Lavoro, and they keep up a brisk contest with the Scirocco for some six weeks—quite long enough to undo all the good that may have been done by the previous fine weather. Pisa, if we may trust the authorities cited by Dr. Taylor, has succeeded in keeping an ill-merited good name better than any of the climates of Italy. It is impeached as "horribly rainy," very lowering and relaxing—in fact, as an unpleasant kind of Torquay. Rome has more favour shown to it, and is allowed to approach nearer than almost any other place to the elysian perfections of Pau. The number of rainy days in the course of the year is about equal in both places; but the soil of Bearn is more absorbent than the Campagna, and there is in consequence less vapour in its atmosphere. At Pau, it appears that even steel instruments exposed to the action of the air do not rust, and clothes which have been long laid by in drawers do not require to be aired before they are used. The absence of malaria, and the vicinity of the medicinal springs of the Pyrenees, are also to be put to the credit of Pau, as some small set-off against the numberless charms of the most interesting city in the world. For many persons the stillness of the climate has great attractions. There is no cruel mistral nor Bise, as in Provence—no fierce east winds in March—no angry Tramontana, as at Rome and Naples—no Bora, as at Trieste. The fact of this stillness is admitted on all hands, but its cause seems as yet quite unknown. Dr. Taylor, satisfied with overthrowing the Italian climates, does not tell us what are the comparative merits of Pau and Egypt, of Pau and the South and South East of Spain, or of Pau and Algiers or Palermo. We dare say he could find a good deal to say in favour of his own place of abode as compared with any one of these, and civilization has certainly a good deal to do before any very formidable rival to all our places of invalid resort can rise up in the Cyrenaica. This will, however, we strongly suspect, one day be the case.

It should be distinctly understood that neither the climate of Pau nor, we fear, that of any other place, can produce any good effect when once true consumption has set in. Wherever mere irritation is to be met, Pau suits admirably. The action of the pulse is reduced, and nervous excitement soothed. Affections of the throat are relieved. Irritability of the digestive organs gives place to a healthy action; but the patient whose lungs have once become attacked by consumption, properly so called, had much better remain at home.

A large part of Dr. Taylor's work is devoted to the watering-places of the Pyrenees. Of these he notices seven,—Bagnères de Bigorre, Capbern, Barrèges, St. Sauveur, Cauterets, Eaux-Bonnes and Eaux-Chaudes. The first of these lies about thirty-five miles south-east of Pau, "neither in the mountains nor yet in the open country." Its thermal springs had become celebrated even in Roman times, and obtained new reputation at the dawn of modern history. Montaigne, whose views about the influence of bathing upon health were very far in advance of his times, speaks highly of them, and they have been much visited ever since. Twenty-two of them are saline, one is ferruginous, and one sulphureous. The climate, which is allied to that of Pau, aids the good effect of the waters, and probably contributes as much as they do to any improvement of health which may be gained at Bagnères, for the action of the waters is by no means very powerful.

Capbern is a village in the department of the Hautes Pyrenees, about ten miles from Bagnères de Bigorre. The springs are saline, and they act chiefly in cases where there is a tendency to congestion of the brain, lungs, liver, and other important organs. A medical friend of Dr. Taylor's, "who suffered from cerebral congestion, described the effect of a dose of the waters upon him to be as if he felt the circulation of the blood to undergo a downward course, the head and chest being relieved." The climate is stimulating in the highest degree.

Barrèges lies forty-seven miles south-east of Pau, and 4000 feet above the level of the sea. The springs are sulphureous, and deposit the curious glairy substance called barrégine. They are useful in skin diseases, in some affections of the muscles, and in many other cases, more especially in gun-shot wounds. During the late war, Barrèges was filled with wounded soldiers from the Crimean army.

Cauterets possesses a large number of springs, and specimens of almost every kind of sulphureous water to be found in the Pyrenees. Its climate and position are superior to those of Barrèges. The air is more bracing than that of Eaux-Bonnes, and it is not exposed, like Eaux-Chaudes, to violent gusts of wind. On the whole, Dr. Taylor seems to prefer it to any of the "chief sulphureous watering-places of the Pyrenees." St. Sauveur is only a league and a half from Barrèges. Its waters are used as auxiliary and preparative to those of that place.

\* *Ferny Combes*: a Ramble after Ferns in the Glens and Valleys of Devonshire. By Charlotte Chanter. London: Reeve. 1856.

*Taylor on the Climate of Pau*: a Comparative Enquiry as to the Preventive and Curative Influence of the Climate of Pau, &c. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1856.



They are far milder in their effect, and the climate is much better. Eaux-Bonnes lies in the department of the Basses Pyrenees, 2100 feet above the level of the sea. There are five springs. They are sulphureous, but not very powerful, and are sometimes used in chest complaints when any of the other Pyrenean waters would not be recommended. Eaux-Chaudes is near Eaux-Bonnes, and derives its name apparently from being the *least* hot of all the springs in this part of France. The waters are not dissimilar in character to those of Eaux-Bonnes, but are even less highly mineralized.

Dr. Taylor's treatise contains about 350 pages, a good many of which might well be left out. An index also would be desirable. It is better, however, on the whole, than most works of its kind. In addition to the proper subjects of the book, there is a good deal of miscellaneous information in it—more than we could have expected in a volume near the commencement of which we found an announcement that the author had omitted the geological and botanical sections, which had appeared in a former edition, and had "lightened" it by filling up the space thus gained with matter more generally interesting. We really wonder what a certain class of persons understand by light reading. There is a singularly offensive tribe of tourists whose books are, we believe, all considered to fall within this category; but what is it that gives them a claim to do so? Is it the absence of "interesting facts?" Or is it the presence of verbiage and long-winded descriptions, which convey no idea to the mind of the reader? We advise Dr. Taylor to reinsert his geological and botanical chapters, even if he sacrifices the passages which he has so carefully culled from Mrs. Ellis, Mr. James, Mrs. Boddington, and other great writers of the milk-and-water school.

#### BEATRICE CENCI.\*

IT is idle to revive memories of crimes the recollection of which has long slumbered, unless it be to throw new light on misrepresented facts, by which the shame that has wrongfully sullied some innocent name may be removed. Yet there are tragedies which will never be forgotten; and from age to age, men will busy themselves with seeking a justification of those whom they would fain believe more sinned against than sinning. We speak more particularly of tragedies in which the names of the actors are associated with crimes of which it seems incredible that they could have been guilty, from all we know of their characters and antecedents. The very difficulty of finding a justification for such persons—joined with the kind of instinctive faith, of which we cannot rid ourselves, that it would be forthcoming if sought in the right direction—invests such histories as those of Mary Stuart and Beatrice Cenci with a never-dying interest.

Nearly forty years have passed since Shelley, in his tragedy of *The Cenci*, so wonderfully idealized the beauty and the horror of that fair young girl's story, whose pale face, wreathed with heavy folds of white drapery, has mournfully gazed down from Titian's canvas, for more than two centuries, on all who pass through the Colonna Palace. It is not easy, while contemplating the patient, tender, appealing expression of those tear-dimmed eyes, or the silent language of that anguish-stricken mouth, to believe that one who looks so gentle and so good could ever have perpetrated a crime so horrible and unnatural as parricide. Hitherto, however, she has been adjudged guilty by the world; and only very lately has she met with a defender. Dr. Guerrazzi, being in prison and in exile, has written a *History of the Sixteenth Century*, in which he attempts not only to prove that Beatrice Cenci has been unjustly stigmatized, but to show with what intent she was sentenced to a cruel death by Pope Clement VIII. According to Dr. Guerrazzi, it was after Beatrice had been thrown into a dungeon of her father's Roman palace, as a punishment for having had a stolen interview with her lover, Guido Guerra, that Marzio, a dependent of the Count's—who had been sent to her by him with food, and ointment to heal her wounds—struck with pity at the sight of her wretched condition, confided to her the vow he had long before made to assassinate his master, and so revenge himself for the wrongs he had suffered at his hands. Hearing this, Beatrice endeavoured, with tears and supplications, to turn him from his purpose, entreating him to leave the Count to be dealt with by a higher power. But all was of no avail—the assassin turned a deaf ear both to her threats and her prayers. The hand of Marzio was not, however, destined to strike the death-blow. This was reserved for Guido Guerra, who, in disguise, had followed the Cenci family to the Castle of the Rocca Petrella, and there assassinated the Count in his daughter's presence, to save her from further infamy. Dr. Guerrazzi also affirms that it was not Marzio, but Guido, who killed Olimpio—one of the two assassins who, according to the generally received belief, were hired by Beatrice to assassinate her father. Next, we are told that, as soon as Beatrice was condemned on the false witness of Marzio, her lover had recourse to Prospero Farinaccio, the celebrated Roman advocate, entreating him to undertake her defence, avowing himself to be the assassin, and declaring his readiness to deliver himself up into the hands of justice if thereby he could save his mistress. But he was dissuaded from taking this step on Farinaccio assuring him that it would only be giving another victim to the Pope. Guido then desired him to apply to

the Cardinals Francesco Sforza and Maffeo Barberini, who, he said, knew all the circumstances. Farinaccio did so, and, from the encouragement they gave him, he had great hopes of saving Beatrice and her family. But he soon found to his dismay that he had been overreached by the cunning of the Pope's nephews, who were bent on the destruction of the whole family that they might be enriched by the confiscation of their possessions. Consequently, all expectation of saving his clients being taken away, Farinaccio went to the prison in which they were confined, and, betaking himself to the bed on which Beatrice was lying, half dead with the cruel torture to which she had been subjected, endeavoured to persuade her to confess the crime and offer herself up as a sacrifice for her family. The debate between the two was long, animated, and sad; and Beatrice still persisting in her refusal to acknowledge herself guilty, Farinaccio resolved to call in her family, that they, mingling their prayers with his, might induce her to yield. At last, worn out by their entreaties and representations that it was the only way of escape left, not only for them, but for herself—since Farinaccio doubted not that he should obtain pardon for them all—and resolved to put an end to her wretched life, no matter on what conditions, Beatrice consented, and Farinaccio departed. But his endeavours to save them were fruitless. The whole family were condemned to death, with the exception of Bernardino, whose sentence was remitted on account of his tender age, and on condition of his being present at the execution of his family. The Friday before the sentence was carried into effect, Dr. Guerrazzi states that Beatrice, by the advice of her confessor, was united to Guido, although she had previously refused to allow the man whom she styled the assassin of her father to be admitted to her presence. He adds that Guido, in concert with some students of the *Accademia delle Belle Arti*, made a fruitless attempt to rescue her as she was being conveyed to the place of execution.

This version of Beatrice's story forms a large portion of the *Storia del Secolo XVI.*—a book which, according to M. Scolari, is "a pandemonium, a true encyclopedia of hell," containing the vilest and most unfounded calumnies against the Church of Rome and its clergy. He has, therefore, he says, thought it necessary to the interests of religion and of truth to place this, the most celebrated criminal trial of the sixteenth century, clearly before the world, and to show on what incontrovertible grounds the condemnation of Beatrice was founded—so that all future writers may be deprived of the power of casting such aspersions as Dr. Guerrazzi has done upon the justice of the sentence. It is not, however, only on account of the mischief that Dr. Guerrazzi's book might produce, that M. Scolari tells us he has deemed it requisite to devote himself to the work in question, but also because the trial of the Cenci has been made the subject of many histories, tragedies, and romances, and has even been introduced into Handbooks for Travellers—in all of which productions it has been presented under false aspects, and has been made the vehicle of attacks against the Roman Catholic Church, and a means of spreading the infectious taint of Protestantism.

Of course, in this, as in all other matters, the establishment of the truth is the one thing to be aimed at. Now, everything in the case before us depends upon whether Dr. Guerrazzi's or M. Scolari's authorities are the more trustworthy; while, in spite of all that the latter brings forward, there will still be room left for affixing the stigma of covetousness, cruelty, and injustice on the conduct of Beatrice's judges, and even on the Pope himself. In the preface to Shelley's tragedy, he states that formerly the Papal Government took the most extraordinary precautions against the publication of facts so fearfully illustrative of its own weakness and wickedness, and that, therefore, access to the MS. on which he founded his tragedy had become, until just before he wrote it, a matter of some difficulty. M. Scolari himself seems not to have found it very easy, even at the present day, to gain a sight of the documents which form the basis of his version of the story, although he says that it had always been a custom in Italy to draw up, and send to the different Courts of the Peninsula, a statement of any cause calculated to excite the interest of princes or of the public. It was in the Venetian archives that he therefore sought for the requisite documents; and he at last found there an abstract of the trial, attached to an original letter from the then Venetian Ambassador at Rome, describing the execution of the Cenci family. M. Scolari had also an opportunity of consulting two *codici*, one of which he met with in the library of Giuseppe Farsetti, a Venetian noble. This MS. is entitled, "Morte di Giacomo e Beatrice Cenci," &c.; and with it were joined six other documents, one of which was the defence drawn up by Prospero Farinaccio. The other *codice* is in the possession of the Cavaliere Cignona, and is entitled, "La morte ignominiosa e ricordevole di Giacomo e Beatrice Cenci, parricidi di Francesco Cenci e di Lucrezia seconda sua consorte l'anno 1598." Judging from these documents, there would seem no doubt that Beatrice, in concert with her brothers and step-mother, did really compass the assassination of the Count. Even in Farinaccio's defence, it does not appear that he questioned the fact for a moment—he simply rested his plea for Beatrice on the ground that, when a father ceases to act as a father, to assassinate him ceases to be parricide. Yet, strange to say, from first to last, it is evident that Beatrice denied the outrage which had been inflicted on her, and that it was only at the request of her

\* *Beatrice Cenci. Memoria Storica.* Di Filippo Scolari. Milano. 1856.

family she at last confessed herself guilty. Even then, it was in those half mysterious words:—"Would you, then, cast such dishonour upon our house? You are committing a great error, but if you will have it so, so it shall be." Then, turning to her guards, she said—"Unbind me, let me be examined, and that which I ought to deny, I will deny." Now, M. Scolari says that it was because she persisted in denying that she had been outraged that Farinaccio was unable to bring forward the plea which alone could have legally saved her. Yet, in his defence, he appears to assume the fact, not merely hypothetically, but in plain words, "Nevertheless it is true," &c.; immediately afterwards adding, "As it is believed to be true." But to return to M. Scolari, whose words we will here quote:—

Beatrice, then, persisting in such denial, and, as it were, saying to herself, "Unbind me, I will confess my crime, but I will never publish the cause of it; I will never give my judges the proof they seek, even though I should thereby escape death. No, no, I am pure—I will never confess that I have been violated."—Beatrice saying all this, what, in a case so tragical, so sublime, was the course the Judge had to pursue? Give way to compassion? Yield to her in heroism? Fail in his duty towards the State when a crowd of parricides were desolating the most noble houses of Rome? No. Let us freely own that both Beatrice and her supreme judge, Clement VIII., acted in a manner equally sublime—the one remaining faithful, even unto death, in defence of her chastity, without denying her crime, but, on the contrary, avowing herself to be guilty; the other assigning five-and-twenty days for the purpose of allowing a defence to be prepared, and giving an entire night to the consideration of it—enduring the most painful struggle on her behalf, and only on the occasion of a fresh parricide being committed in Rome doing violence to himself, certain as he was of not obtaining the proof which alone could save Beatrice, and countersigning the decree of the Governor of Rome.

The futility of M. Scolari's lame attempt to place Pope Clement on the same level of sublimity that Beatrice occupies, and to justify the manner in which the whole trial was conducted, we will not now stop to point out. One single fact is sufficient to outweigh all his arguments. There is unfortunately no question that, by the assassination of the Count, the Pope lost a large and certain source of revenue—Francesco Cenci having been accustomed to compound for his sins by the payment of immense sums of money. Clement was not therefore likely to be mercifully disposed to his victims, or to resist the temptation of enriching himself and his nephews, in so far as he could, by their destruction.

Satisfactory, on the other hand, as it would be to accept Dr. Guerrazzi's version, there is so much improbability in a great deal of what he brings forward, that until we know more about the sources whence his information is derived, it would not be safe to place over much reliance on his statements. But, wherever the truth may lie, the indignation with which the memory of mankind will always dwell on the close of that tragic story will never be effaced. Never will the world forget the scene which took place on that bright Sunday morning, two hundred and fifty years ago, in the streets of Rome, when Beatrice, her mother, and her brothers, passed through excited and fainting crowds to the place of execution. History will ever keep in remembrance the accents of her voice, blessing the cords which bound her, and crying out "Most blessed cords which bind this body to corruption and chastisement, and set free my soul to immortality and eternal life." Mankind will never cease to behold, as it were, with mingled feelings of horror and reverence, the priest who accompanied Beatrice to the scaffold, lifting her head in the sight of all the people, and, as if at that awful moment truth would make her voice to be heard by his lips, exclaiming, "Behold the head of a Roman maiden, a martyr to her beauty." And still shall we contemplate, with ever renewed emotions of pity and indignation, the boy Bernardino conducted by the confraternity of the *Sette Piaghe* back to his prison, where he lay for many days, a prey to convulsions which gave those about him reason to fear, not only for his reason, but for his life. We must not, however, linger further over such remembrances, nor cast more than a parting glance on that dismal old palace near the Ghetto, which witnessed an amount of suffering and wickedness such as the world has perhaps never before seen.

From the account we have given of M. Scolari's book, it will be inferred that it can only be regarded as a party production. We have little doubt that it will fail of accomplishing its object, for the only effect that it is likely to produce will be to send the reader to Dr. Guerrazzi's *Storia del Secolo XVI.*, in order to compare the two accounts, and judge of their relative claims to credence.

#### THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION TO JAPAN.\*

SOME years back, the Americans determined to send an expedition to Japan, in order, if possible, to open commercial relations between the United States and that mysterious country. The result of their resolution lies before us in the bulky book compiled by Dr. Hawks. Its size is royal octavo, it contains upwards of 600 pages, and it records with the utmost minuteness all that passed from the departure of Commodore Perry from the Chesapeake, in November, 1852, until his return to Brooklyn,

in April, 1855. Dr. Hawks's compilation is, therefore, a work of considerable pretensions; and as an edition of 5000 copies was printed by order of the Senate of the United States, our expectations were considerably raised. We are bound to say, however, that though no pains have been spared in making the book in every respect a magnificent one—though it is beautifully printed and remarkably well illustrated, and though Commodore Perry, his officers, and Dr. Hawks, have done their parts with zeal and intelligence—we have seldom discharged a more laborious duty than that of reading through the result of their labours. The various persons concerned seem to have been so deeply impressed with the importance of their mission, and so fully persuaded that they were engaged in a great historical transaction, that they were afraid to leave unrecorded any of its details. The account of the voyage from the United States to Lew-Chew tells us little that is new, but occupies seventy or eighty pages of the narrative; and the account of the various negotiations between Commodore Perry and the Japanese is extremely wearisome. The truth is, the story is one which no art can make interesting. The extreme jealousy with which the Japanese regard foreigners, and the precautions which they employ for their exclusion from the country, almost entirely prevented the Americans from learning anything about them which was not well known before.

What Commodore Perry actually accomplished may be told in a very few sentences. By making a skilful display of the force under his command, which consisted altogether of nine ships of war and three store ships, he intimated pretty plainly to the Japanese that, in one way or another, he was determined to form a commercial treaty with their country on behalf of the United States, taking care, however, to show them, by every means in his power, that he would much prefer doing so in a friendly way to the use of force. As far as we can form an opinion, he seems to have executed his purpose with much judgment and firmness, and to have estimated very properly the means likely to make an impression upon a nation which, though certainly far from barbarous, possesses a civilization of an altogether different type from our own. He succeeded at last in making a treaty with the Japanese Government, by which the ports of Simoda and Hakodadi were opened to American commerce, with power to the Americans to go where they pleased within a distance of some twelve or fourteen miles. Other articles provided that Americans shipwrecked on the coast should be properly cared for and given up to their countrymen. This is the pith of Dr. Hawks's book. However valuable may be the results obtained by Commodore Perry, they hardly seem, at first sight, important enough to require so minute a record as they have received. There is, however, a good deal of miscellaneous information scattered through the book, some of which may interest our readers.

Dr. Hawks's introduction contains an interesting second-hand sketch of the foreign relations, and of the domestic institutions, so far as they are known, of Japan. The country was first brought to the knowledge of Europeans by Marco Polo, who, however, only heard of it in China, and did not himself visit it. It consists of a great number of islands—it is said as many as 3850—of which the three principal are Kiu-siu, Sitkokf, and Nippon, and its extent is about 160,000 square miles. The country is hilly, and contains at least one mountain 12,000 feet high, but most of the hills are covered with cultivation up to their tops. The political constitution of the country is very curious. There are two Kings of Japan. One, called the Ziogoon, is the real head of the Government, and commands the army—the other, known as the Mikado, is a sort of Grand Lama, who, though nominally the supreme and sacred head of society, is really a sort of slave, treated with superstitious and wearisome veneration. The country is said to be subject to a kind of feudal nobility, and the people are divided into eight castes, within which they are rigorously confined. A Council of Thirteen, perhaps hereditary, is at the head of the administration. It is presided over by a high official, something like the Grand Vizier, and has the most extensive powers, including even a qualified right of deposing the Ziogoon. Measures taken by the Council must be ratified by the latter. If he dissents from their proposal, the matter is referred to three princes of the blood. If they agree with the Council, the Ziogoon is deposed—if they agree with the Ziogoon, the member of the Council who proposed the measure is put to death, or more frequently, disembowels himself. The whole government of Japan is infested by spies—the Ziogoon has spies on the Council, and the Council on him. But the strangest illustration of the system is to be found in the position of the feudal princes, among whom the land is at least nominally distributed. Each of them has two secretaries, who are official spies. These secretaries serve alternate years, each leaving his family at the capital during his year of service, as a pledge of sincerity to the Government; and by this ingenious arrangement, the two become spies on each other. One consequence of this universal espionage is the destruction of all confidence, accompanied by a terrible severity of punishments. Every official miscarriage is punishable by death; and, by a strange inversion of feeling, it has become a point of honour with the Japanese officials in whose departments any violation of law has occurred, to anticipate their punishment by ripping themselves up. It may well be imagined that, under such a system, the

\* Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan, performed in the Years 1852, 1853, and 1854, under the command of Commodore M. C. Perry, United States Navy, by order of the Government of the United States. Compiled from the Original Notes and Journals of Commodore Perry and his Officers, at his request, and under his supervision. By Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D. With numerous Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton and Co. London: Trübner and Co. 1856.



laws become an unalterable tyranny; for every proposal to alter them is made at the risk of the life of the proposer.

The policy which the Japanese adopted towards foreigners until the treaty with the United States—which has been followed by other treaties with ourselves and the Russians—is well known. In the early part of the seventeenth century, there was an open trade with Japan, and Christianity had made considerable progress there. Owing to various quarrels which arose between the Franciscans, Dominicans, and Jesuits, the Portuguese were expelled from the country, and the native Christians persecuted. The Dutch, it is said, had the mean wickedness to assist the Emperor of Japan against them, and received the wages of their iniquity in permission to share with the Chinese a monopoly of the Japanese foreign trade. They have, however, carried on their intercourse with the country under the most wretched humiliations. They have been confined to the island of Desima, in the port of Nagasaki—a miserable little place, principally artificial, and no more than six hundred feet long by two hundred and forty broad. Even there, they are constantly subject to the inspection and interference of Japanese spies and officials, and are strictly prevented from leaving it, or holding any communication with the rest of the country, except under restrictions which almost amount to a prohibition.

The Japanese are good workers in metal. They have little iron, but plenty of copper, and not a little gold. Their greatest art is lacquering wood-work, in which they excel all the rest of the world. They also manufacture glass, very beautiful porcelain, and a remarkably soft, tough, and flexible paper, which they use for wrappers, handkerchiefs, and even, when oiled, for cloaks. Their best silks are said to be made by criminals of high rank, who are forced to work upon them when in confinement. They are indefatigable agriculturists, and understand perfectly well the use of manure. Their principal crops are rice and tea. They have no sheep, but sell some pork to the Chinese. Their only navigation is by coasting vessels, which are built with open sterns—it is said to prevent them from making long voyages. The country is stated to be populous to the greatest degree, the highways being "one continued line of villages and boroughs."

These, and some other particulars of the same kind, Dr. Hawks seems to have collected from books already published. We must say that singularly little is added to them by Commodore Perry's personal observations. Indeed, the force of Japanese prejudices was so great, and his very reasonable wish to avoid shocking them so strong, that his intercourse with the people was almost entirely official. Nearly the only exceptions to this which we have been able to discover, consisted in a few short walks in the neighbourhood of the ships, under the constant supervision of soldiers and spies, and in a visit which two Japanese, seemingly of good station, contrived to pay to the ships at the hazard of their lives. The latter incident had something affecting in it. Two men, describing themselves as "scholars from Yedo," contrived to come on board the *Mississippi*, after sending the Americans a letter which gives a curious glimpse of the working of the system of absolute exclusion of foreigners:—

Our attainments (they say) are few and trifling, as we ourselves are small and unimportant . . . in trifling pursuits and idle pastimes our years and months have slipped away. We have, however, read in books, and learned a little by hearsay, what are the customs and education in Europe and America, and we have been for many years desirous of going over the five great continents, but the laws of our country on all maritime points are very strict; for foreigners to come into the country, and for natives to go abroad, are both immutably forbidden. Our wish to visit other regions has consequently only gone to and fro in our own breasts, in continual agitation, like one's breathing being impeded, or his walking cramped.

Commodore Perry did not feel justified in aiding his visitors in the accomplishment of their purpose, though he was most desirous to do so. They were discovered, and imprisoned in a kind of cage, where some of the American officers saw them, and received from them the following letter:—

When a hero fails in his purpose, his acts are then regarded as those of a villain and a robber. In public we have been seized and pinioned, and caged for many days. The village elders and head men treat us disdainfully, their oppressions being grievous indeed. Therefore, looking up while yet we have nothing wherewith to reproach ourselves, it must now be seen whether a hero will prove himself to be one indeed. Regarding the liberty of going through the Sixty States (Japan) as not enough for our desires, we wished to make the circuit of the five great continents. This was our hearts' wish for a long time. Suddenly our plans are defeated, and we find ourselves in a half-sized house, where eating, resting, sitting, and sleeping, are difficult. How can we find our exit from this place? Weeping, we seem as fools—laughing, as rogues—alas for us, silent we can only be.

In the observations which they were able to make at the port of Simoda, the Americans saw something, though very little, of the domestic life of the Japanese. They are, it is said, distinguished from most other Oriental States by their comparatively high estimation of women, which induces them to abstain from polygamy. The mass of the people are Buddhists, and must be very devout, after a fashion; for though the population of Simoda is only about 7000, it contains nine Buddhist temples. When the worship begins, a bell is rung to attract the attention of the idols; and the establishments are kept up partly by charitable contributions, for receiving which boxes are placed about the temple, with inscriptions informing the reader that, "For feeding hungry demons his merit will be consolidated." Sundry feasts, at which the negotiators reciprocally entertained each other, and a rather disgusting exhibition of prize-fighters, which was displayed before the Americans during one of their visits of ceremony, are almost the only transactions recorded in this book

which seem to throw much light on the Japanese character or habits. Once, indeed, the squadron went up by sea to the neighbourhood of Yedo, the capital, of which they saw enough to convince them of its immense extent, and of the fact that its sea front is protected by a row of palisades; but their visit caused so much consternation and disgust that they withdrew for fear of causing a popular outbreak, which would have endangered the Government. It must be owned that it is not easy to investigate the character and habits of a nation so suspicious of strangers as to be in the habit of putting up enclosures of mats round the place of a friendly interview, to prevent their visitors from seeing the neighbourhood.

Commodore Perry visited Lew-Chew and the Bonin Islands, as well as Japan. The Government of Lew-Chew does not carry out to the same extent as the Japanese the system of isolation, and it is moreover too weak to enforce it. When the Americans landed at Napha, the people ran away, deserting the stalls and shops with such haste that in some instances the goods were left on them. By degrees, however, they became more used to strangers, and the officers of the squadron had opportunities of seeing something of their domestic arrangements. The floors are covered with thick mats, which form a carpet by day and a bed by night. The Lew-Chewans, who are very much more cleanly in their persons than the Chinese, never step on these mats with their shoes, which they leave at the door. The men pass their time in smoking through their noses, and drinking tea—the women work in the fields, or make cloth out of grass. This seemed to be the case with those who were in some degree removed from the very lowest class of all. As far as Commodore Perry could discern, the Lew-Chewans are divided into four classes—the high officers of state, the priesthood and men of letters, the under officers and spies, and the labouring class, including particularly the fishermen. Everybody seemed perfectly idle, except the spies and the labourers. The latter are the most wretched and degraded, probably, in the world. Commodore Perry says that, except in Mexico, he never saw such misery:—

The poor naked creatures (he writes), who toil from morning to night, never know the relaxation of a Sabbath, nor the rest of an occasional holiday, generally granted by even the most cruel taskmasters. . . . It is surprising to see how soon the boys, for we see but little of the girls, are made to labour. In looking into a blacksmith's shop in Napha, I observed a father and two sons making nails; the elder son, probably ten years old, was using the hammer, while the younger, not more than five, was blowing the bellows, or rather moving the piston of a sort of air-pump, which required some amount of physical exertion. When we entered the shop, neither of the three took the slightest notice of us, but went on with their labour; even the little boy scarcely lifted his eyes.

The relation between the natives of Lew-Chew and the Japanese on the one hand, and the Chinese on the other, is very little understood. Dr. Bettelheim—a converted Hungarian Jew and naturalized British subject, who lived amongst them for some years—reports that, politically, they seem to him to form part of the empire of Japan, but that what little religion and literature they have seems to be derived from China, whither the richer classes go for their education. The language is apparently a dialect of Japanese; but of their two written characters, one is that which is in general use in China, and the other (used by the Lew-Chewans themselves only occasionally) is supposed by Dr. Bettelheim to be "the most ancient Chinese hieroglyphic, awfully crippled." For some years past there has been a Christian missionary in Lew-Chew. Dr. Bettelheim occupied the post for some years, and was succeeded by Mr. Moreton. It would seem that the missionaries did not meet with much success, as the natives entreated Commodore Perry to take them away:—

We earnestly beg your excellency (they write), that to show compassion on our little country, you will take back to their own land Bettelheim and Moreton, who have remained here long. In the years 1844 and 1846 some French officers came, and the Englishman Bettelheim also brought hither his wife and children to reside; and they all required something to be daily given them, to our continual annoyance and trouble. . . . We lay before you our sad condition in all its particulars, humbly beseeching your kind regard upon it, and requesting that, when your fine ships return, you will take both Bettelheim and Moreton away with you. This will solace and raise us up from our low condition, and oblige us in a way not easy to be expressed.

The Bonin islands, which formed the last subject of Commodore Perry's explorations, seem to form part of our own multifarious possessions, having been named and taken possession of by Captain Beechey in 1827. They were, however, visited by a Captain Coffin, whose name is, perhaps, some evidence of his American origin, in 1823; and it seems that the Russians also took possession of them in 1828. However this may be, they are of little actual value to any one, though there is a possibility that they may hereafter become valuable. They are three in number, and were named by Captain Beechey, Stapleton, Buckland, and Peel Islands respectively—a sin for which Captain Beechey may be forgiven, notwithstanding the sneers of Dr. Hawks at "the proverbial modesty and justice of English surveyors." We are very sure that neither he nor his countrymen can have the least objection to the substitution which the inhabitants are said to have made of the names of Goat and Hog for those of Stapleton and Buckland Islands. Up to 1830, the group was unoccupied; but in that year, five Europeans and several Sandwich Islanders settled there. At the date of Commodore Perry's visit, Peel Island only was inhabited; and its population amounted to thirty-one, of whom about four were Americans, the same number English, and the rest Sandwich Islanders. Peel Island is about six miles long. It is very fertile, and well fitted for the growth of wheat, tobacco, and the sugar-cane. The island

is composed of trap-rock—it is very hilly, and seems to have been once the crater of a volcano. There are wild boars in the woods, and the coasts produce plenty of turtle. The value attached to the islands by Commodore Perry arises from the fact that they would make a convenient station for a line of mail-steamers to be established between some American port on the Pacific and China. This would complete the English and American mail route round the world, by way of Egypt, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, Hong-Kong, Shanghai, the Bonin Islands and Honolulu, to San Francisco and New York. By this line, two letters sent from Shanghai—west by Europe, and east by California—would respectively arrive at Liverpool and New York about the same time.

These are the most interesting pieces of information that we have been able to find in the thick volume before us. We cannot conscientiously recommend it to any one who does not take special and detailed interest in Commodore Perry's expedition, or in the negotiations between the United States and Japan; but we willingly acknowledge the zeal with which all the parties concerned have done their best to improve the opportunities which they enjoyed. Commodore Perry's objects were diplomatic and political, and he seems to have accomplished them with great tact and decision; but, with the best will in the world, he has not had the opportunity of furnishing his friend Dr. Hawks with the materials for a book as interesting as it is big.

#### ANTONINE.\*

IF we are to believe French novelists, French society is not a nursery of virtue. The whole duty of man seems to be to make love to married women, to dine at the Café de Paris, and astonish the Boulevard de Gand. Fortunately, we are not obliged to believe in the pictures of society painted by the novelists, either in France or England; but while disregarding the pictures, we may give some attention to the remarks which accompany them, and, to confess the truth, our attention is very often diverted from the incidents of the novel to the grave discussions, or carelessly dropped opinions, which indicate the writer's own views of life.

No one can have read many French novels without remarking that even the virtuous heroes are always credited with *de nombreux succès*—by which is meant that the hero, being young, handsome, and accomplished, has already had several *liaisons* with married women, not of a very durable kind apparently, since he is only five-and-twenty now. To have fought a few duels, and disturbed a few domestic circles, is as indispensable as to have learned orthography and equitation—and this not for dandies only, but for quiet modest young gentlemen of delicate lungs, whom we are called upon to accept as excellent and honourable. Thus, in the latest novel by the younger Dumas, we are introduced to a consumptive hero, idolized by the most virtuous of mothers, who has superintended his education with the jealous fondness of a timid woman. But in spite of his feminine education, Edmond, we are told, had made acquaintance *avec certaines choses de la vie*. This is not surprising; but what English readers will probably think very surprising is that *il avait contracté des liaisons que sa mère avait vues avec plaisir*. English mothers sometimes know of the wild oats sowed by their young hopefuls, but they are not accustomed to regard them with pleasure, and certainly would regard them with horror if those oats were sown in the soil of adultery. But French mothers, if M. Dumas is to be trusted, have different sentiments; “car il y a une chose que nous devons faire remarquer ici, c'est la facilité avec laquelle les mères les plus vertueuses, non seulement acceptent et comprennent, mais encore encouragent quelquefois les amours de leurs fils.” Let it be noted that the author says this in his own person—it is an observation on society which he has made, and which he of course expects his readers will ratify. Indeed, he winds up with this remark:—

Combien de mères ont dit à leur fils devenu un homme, et pour le faire autant que possible échapper aux débauches communes aux jeunes gens:—  
“Fais la cour à Madame telle ou telle; c'est une femme mariée qui ne te compromettra pas.”

English mothers are sufficiently anxious that their sons should not compromise themselves (and not *over* anxious respecting any one else being compromised), but we fancy it would be difficult to find them giving their sons such counsel as this. Are we, then, to believe that French mothers are so different from English mothers, or are we simply to suppose that the author speaks the language which he would hold were he a parent?

Setting aside, however, these questions, and all other moral questions necessarily raised by every French novel, we must speak of *Antonine* as a story. For a wonder, there is no camelia in it. There is, indeed, a pretty grisette story, touchingly told; but there is no odour of *la rue de Bréda* in the book. The hero is consumptive, and falls madly in love with Antonine, the daughter of a physician. She learns that he is in love with her, and wants to marry her, but has only six months to live. In spite of this terrible warning, she resolves to marry him. If he only live six months, it will be six months of happiness—she will have soothed the sad hours of a brief career, and her sacrifice will be as nothing. It would have been more natural, we fancy, had her resolution been made to spring wholly from her love; for she

loves Edmond, and the wilfulness of passion would have sufficed to make her disregard all warnings, and disbelieve in all consequences. Our faith in physicians is at no time very profound; and when the physician's verdict clashes with our passions, every one knows which must go to the wall.

Antonine and Edmond are married. Their happiness is perfect, untroubled. Life is paradisiacal, and the term of six months seems an eternity in the distance. At times, indeed, Edmond is sorely troubled by the idea that this happiness must end—that he must quit Antonine; and then the rage of prospective jealousy agitates him. Another will call Antonine his! Another will know the happiness he knows by her side! Exasperated by the thought, he wakes his sleeping wife, and makes her swear that she will love him, only him, and be faithful to him, living or dead.

At length Edmond is sent to Nice. The fatal term is approaching. He is imprudent, and is laid low by a mysterious illness, which has not only the result of holding him suspended over the grave as long as the reader's emotions can be expected to be excited by the crisis, but also, by a pathological peculiarity of which Dumas fils has the secret, so entirely cures him of his consumption that he becomes robust and even coarse, after having been all his previous life a frail and delicate creature, exciting universal pity. With his physical coarseness, there comes a mental coarseness. As a *poitrinaire*, he was the most devoted, extravagant, sentimental of lovers and husbands—as a healthy man, we find him neglecting his wife to run after another married woman; and when remonstrated with by his friend, he justifies the change by saying he is quite a different individual from the *poitrinaire* who was happy when lying all day at the feet of his wife.

Thus, after leading the reader through a volume of sentimental passion, M. Dumas winds up with this *dénouement*:—

Edmond est prêt à X \*\*\*. Toutes les poésies de sa vie se sont réduites à cette pauvre ambition. Il est l'amant de la femme d'un avoué de la ville, femme d'une quarantaine d'années. Tout le monde le sait, jusqu'à Antonine, qui en rit quand elle en parle!

This is doubtless thought *cynique et profond*! Many a young Frenchman, on closing the volume, will twist his well-oiled whiskers, and exclaim, *Voilà la vie!*

#### DR. KITTO.\*

AS in duty bound, we have read Dr. Kitto's Life, but though the subject of the book was a remarkable man, and though his life is worth recording, we cannot conscientiously recommend any other person to follow our example. Mr. Ryland has consecrated no less than 695 large octavo pages, well filled, to the memory of his hero, and if their “reception by the public” should be such as the author “ventures to anticipate,” certain other papers in his possession may be expected by way of an “interesting sequel.” Now, as we have intimated, Dr. Kitto was a good and able man, but he certainly hardly deserves a biography considerably longer than the whole of the historical books of the Old and New Testaments, longer than a volume of Blackstone's *Commentaries*, and nearly as long as any two volumes of Hume's *History*. There is a method in things, and there are certain limits to all things, as the Latin Grammar tells us; and the very worst method of biography is that in which all limits are forgotten. Let biographers, and especially that class of biographers who are distinguished as “religious,” bear in mind the fact, that if every man were to publish a full account of his life, from the 365 breakfasts to the 365 evening prayers at which he annually presides, he might fill a whole library; and they may possibly arrive at the conclusion that a little knowledge is all that is wanted upon many subjects, and that people sometimes write letters, and sometimes make journeys, of some of the details of which the world is well content to remain in ignorance.

The story of Dr. Kitto's life is a strange and painful one. He was born at Plymouth, in 1804, of very poor parents, and at the age of twelve fell from the top of a ladder, on which he was engaged at his work, into the street, 35 feet below. He fell on his head, and though he afterwards almost completely recovered his health, his hearing was entirely destroyed. Incapacitated by his misfortune from all the ordinary pursuits of boys of his own age, he was for some years thrown very much on his own resources, and during that period laid the foundation of the literary tastes which afterwards occupied him through life. He was passionately fond of reading, and the means to which he had recourse to satisfy his taste throw a singular light on the difficulties which at that time surrounded a youth who happened to be at once poor and inquisitive. He waded about in the harbour, picking up bits of rope and old iron, by which he occasionally cleared as much as 4*d.* a week. Disabled in this occupation by an accident which nearly lamed him, he bought twopennyworth of paper, and a corresponding stock of paints, and set up as an artist. This gave him an income of 2*d.* a week. In one extraordinary week he cleared 8*d.* From imitative he turned to decorative art, and drew up coloured labels, announcing “Milk and Cream,” or “Lodgings for Single Men,” which contributed in a slight degree to the recruiting of his purse. When by any of these means he had

\* *Memoirs of John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A., &c.* Compiled chiefly from his Letters and Journals. By J. E. Ryland, M.A. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Sons. 1856.

\* *Antonine.* Par Alexandre Dumas Fils. Paris. 1856.



accumulated 3d. he was able to buy a book, "containing either an abstract or reprint of popular fictions, and sometimes tales founded on Shakspeare and other early dramatists." For many years he pursued his taste, under the pressure of great hardships of various kinds, but at length his abilities attracted the attention of some kind and friendly persons at Plymouth, who obtained not only money assistance for him, but also permission to study as much as he pleased in the library of the town. Mr. Ryland prints vast masses of his correspondence with his benefactors at this period, of which we can only say, that though it is certainly creditable enough to the intelligence of a self-educated lad, it is quite destitute of any intrinsic value, and does not seem to us to contain any particular promise of originality of thought or depth of understanding.

On leaving Plymouth, Kitto obtained employment, first as a dentist's assistant, and afterwards as a printer in an establishment at Malta connected with the Church Missionary Society. He subsequently returned to England, in consequence of some misunderstanding with his employers, and falling in with his original master, Mr. Groves, the dentist, agreed to accompany him to the East as tutor to his sons. Mr. Groves was a remarkable man. He seems to have been zealous and pious, but somewhat crotchety and scrupulous, as he found it impossible to associate himself to any ecclesiastical body whatever. Being, however, strongly imbued with religious zeal, he set out on his own account to evangelize Persia, gave up his prospects in England, and transported himself, his wife, his three children, and Dr. Kitto, to Bagdad, for that purpose. His scheme ended, as all isolated schemes of that kind must end, in misery and discomfiture; but there is something touching in the courage with which he attempted to carry it out. Having arrived at Bagdad, by way of Russia—the journey through which Dr. Kitto's Journal describes at great length and in the most uninteresting manner—the whole party fell into such a series of calamities as seldom falls simultaneously upon a city. First of all, the plague broke out and destroyed, says Dr. Kitto—though the calculation is obviously of the roughest kind—about fifty thousand persons, or two-thirds of the population. Then the Tigris overflowed its banks, and, filtering through the loose soil, undermined and threw down about seven thousand houses, destroying some fifteen thousand souls. Finally, there was some quarrel between two pashas, one of whom besieged the town with twelve thousand men and bombarded it—not very effectively, it is true, as many of the balls were made of clay—for some considerable time. In the plague, Mrs. Groves, and some of the servants, died; and the whole family isolated themselves entirely from the world around them for many months. It would not be easy to imagine a more desolate condition than that of a perfectly deaf man, confined for many months amongst people dying of the plague, in a city which was being bombarded, and where the house might at any moment—and on one occasion positively did—fall into subterranean pools of water; and all this with the consciousness that, except as tutor to two little boys, he was doing no human being any good, for he does not appear to have known the language, and his deafness would have prevented his talking, if he had.

Kitto not unnaturally took an opportunity of returning to England, where, soon after his return, he married. His only provision for his family was an engagement with the *Penny Magazine*, then lately set on foot by Mr. C. Knight. The terms on which he was engaged are curious, as evidence of the enormous labour which is imposed upon a person obliged to live by periodical literature. His duties were as follows:—"For the *Penny Magazine*: to write one original article weekly of about three columns—to prepare two or three columns more from the contributions of correspondents, or from books—to read the first proofs—to register the suggestions of correspondents—to answer letters with real names and addresses—to bring contributions into a fitting shape, and to return useless articles. For the *Companion to the Newspaper*: to prepare the Monthly Chronicle of Events, and to analyse Parliamentary Papers. For the *Printing Machine*: to prepare the Journal of Facts in Science, Education, Statistics, &c.; and for the *Companion to the Almanack*: to prepare the Chronicle of the Session, the Parliamentary Abstract, and the Register of Events. For all this, besides various incidental duties, Kitto received 16l. per month.

The rest of the book corresponds to the dismal vista of proofs and printer's devils opened by such a prospectus. Kitto worked sixteen hours a-day. He rose up early, and took his rest late. He read at meals—he read as he walked to his business—he read as he walked home—and he never seems to have taken any holiday or relaxation whatever from 1834 till 1854, when he went abroad to die of over-work.

His story is not an eventful one, and is almost as dreary in the reading as it must have been in the living; but he succeeded in bringing up ten children in moderate comfort and in great respectability. He was cheered by the society of a most devoted and amiable wife, and he made some contributions to English literature, of which competent judges speak with considerable approbation. That in all his troubles and dangers, and especially in the constant suffering entailed upon him by the loss of his hearing, he was sustained by firm religious faith, we do not doubt; and we are equally sure that the lesson taught by that fact is a striking one. It is a great pity that it has been encumbered by his biographer in such a mass of utterly irrelevant and unreadable matter, that very few people will take the trouble to learn it.

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December 2nd.—The Rev. WILLIAM BEAT, LL.D. F.S.A., Vicar of Brook, near Norwich.—"THE TRIPLE PLEA." BODY, SOUL, SPIRIT.

December 9th.—The Rev. HUGH STOWELL BROWN, of Liverpool.—THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

December 16th.—The Rev. ROBERT BICKERSTETH, M.A., Canon of Salisbury, and Rector of St. Giles in the Fields.—CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

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